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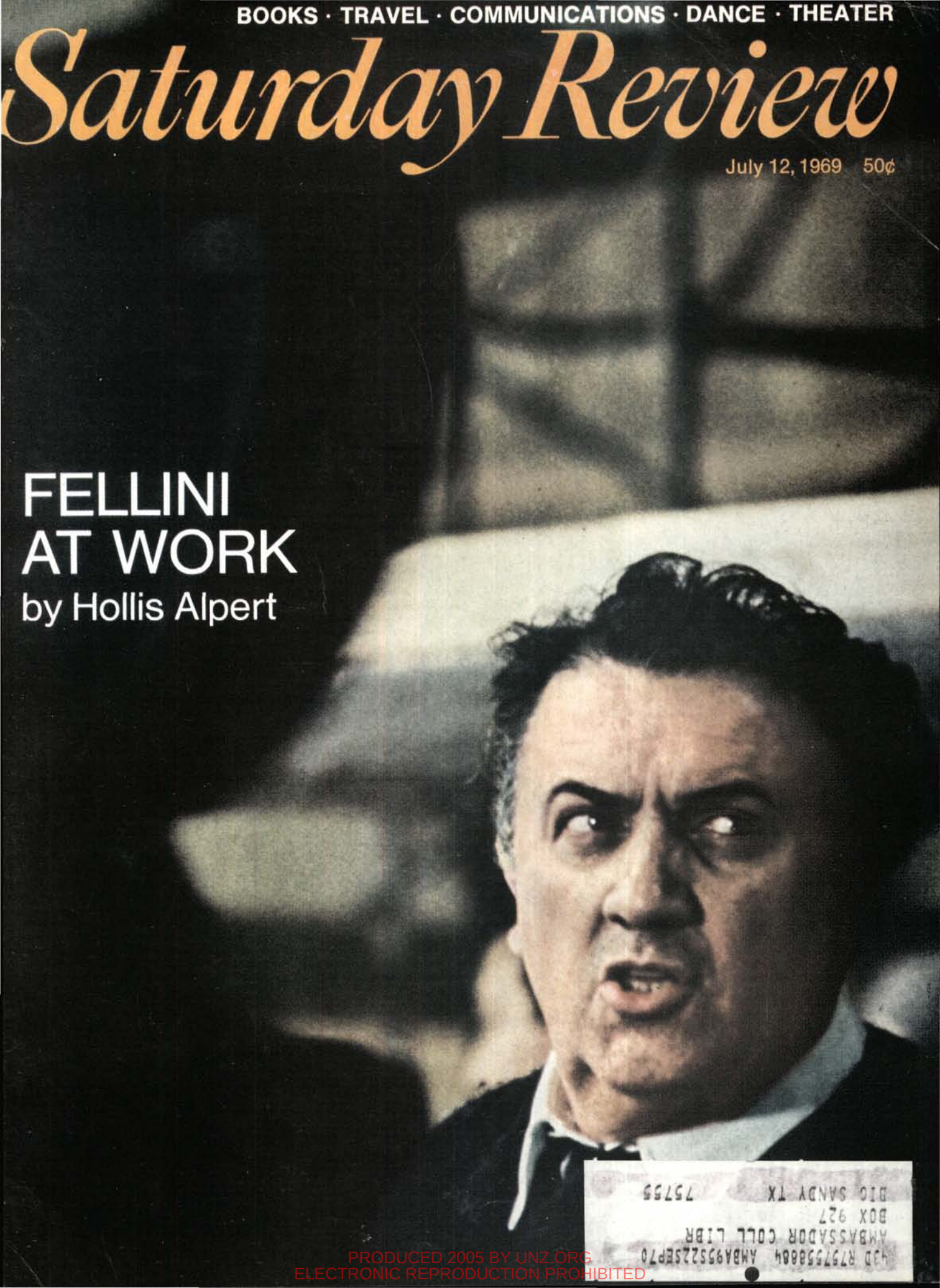
Saturday Review

July 12, 1969 50¢



FELLINI AT WORK

by Hollis Alpert

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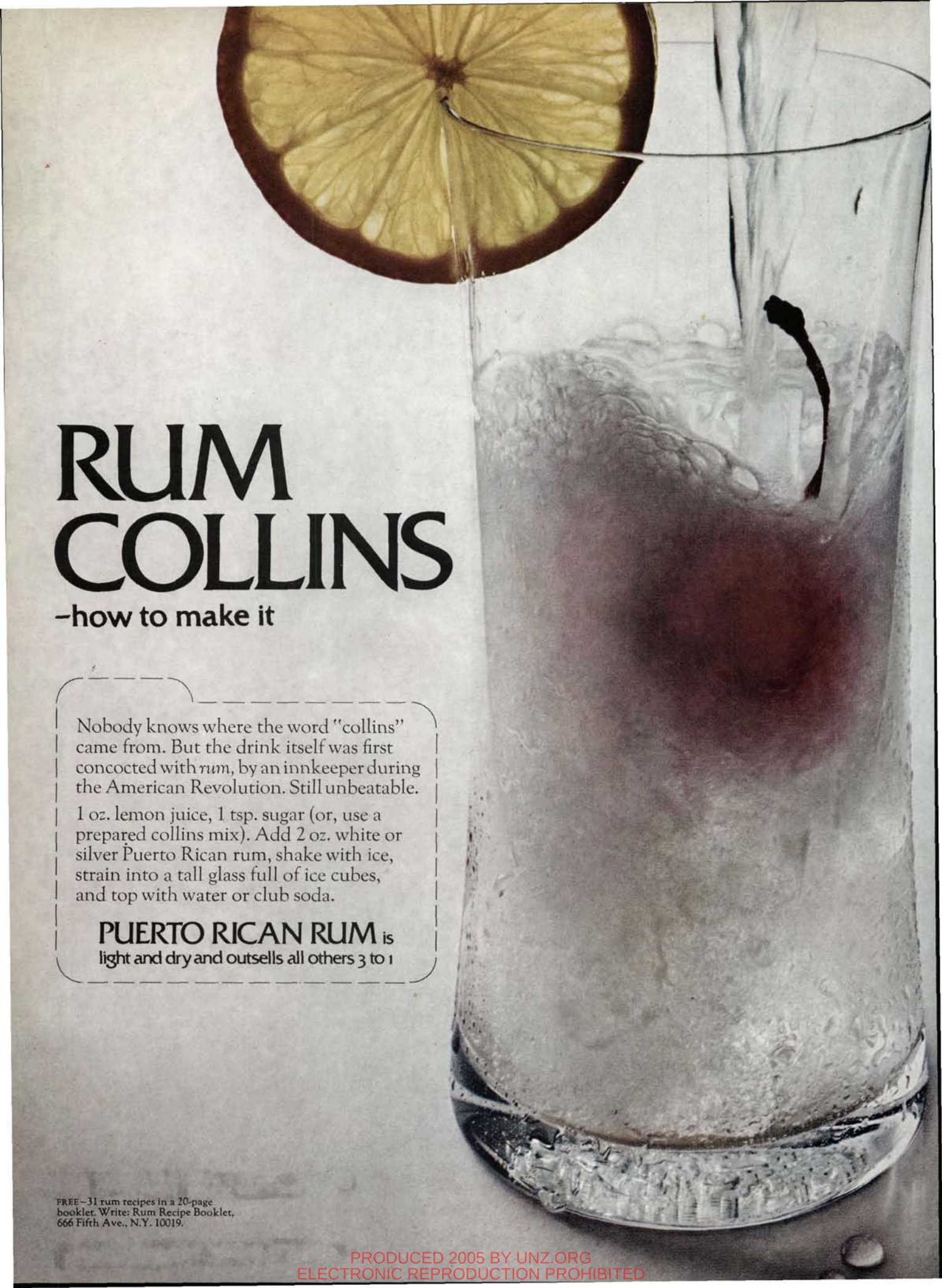

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by Hollis Alpert

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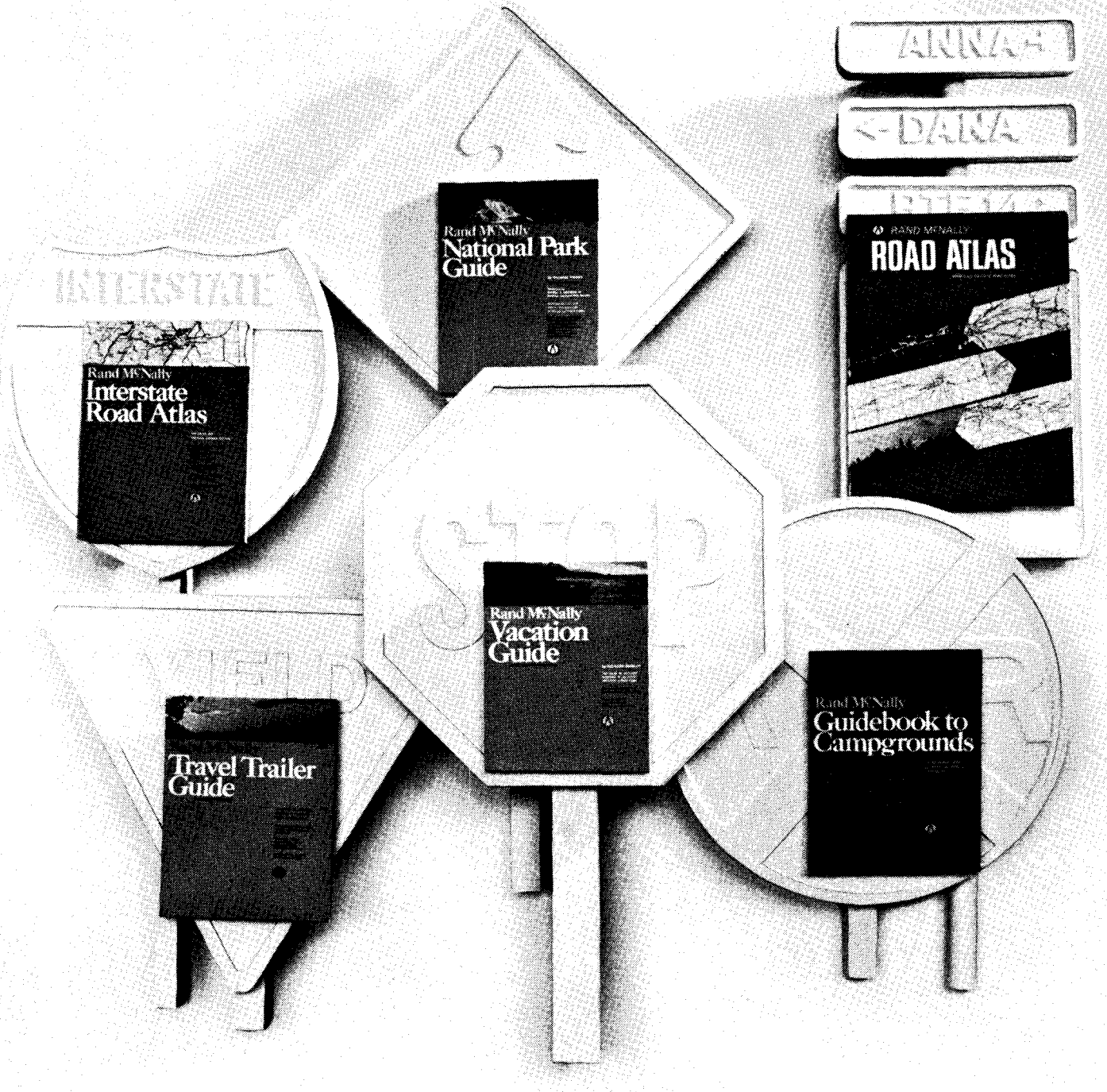
Get lost!



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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Byzantium or Bust

"The father divests himself of his factories, and also takes off all his clothes in the middle of a railway station. The climax of this undressing sequence is one of the most spiritual feet-shots in the picture, apart from an unsettling close-up of the bottoms of his bare soles on each side of a back view of the head of the visitor—an image that alludes simultaneously, I think, to homosexual love, the Gospels, and an esthetic of feet that goes back to Byzantium."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT, on Pasolini's *Theorem*, in *The New Yorker*.

FRIENDS OF Miss Gilliatt are worried about the intrusion of "I think" into the above passage. Is she losing her grip? Perhaps it will comfort her if I transcribe, and translate, a tape recording smuggled from the set of *Theorem:*

PASOLINI: Quiet, everybody. We have a long day's obfuscation ahead of us, and I want to begin with an image that alludes simultaneously to homosexual love, the Gospels, and an esthetic of feet that goes back to Byzantium. Any ideas?

(Five minutes silence.)

FIRST VOICE: I see a couple of queers cutting each other's toenails under a withered fig tree, beside the Bosporus. But will it fit the script?

PASOLINI: What script?

SECOND VOICE: It's the Byzantine bit that's difficult. Does this esthetic have to go back all that way?

PASOLINI: Byzantium or bust.

THIRD VOICE: Could we have some more coffee?

FOURTH VOICE: There are two bare soles, see, with human expressions like in the foot powder ads. Byzantine faces, kind of leering at each other, across the head of John the Baptist.

FIFTH VOICE: How obvious can you get?

PASOLINI: It's a starting point, anyway. We can refine it as we go along. Pietro, find me a couple of lewd feet. A left and a right.

SIXTH VOICE: For my money, it's a marvel of multiple metaphor, but is the public going to understand it?

PASOLINI: I'm making this one for Miss Gilliatt.

SEVENTH VOICE: How do you know she won't take it as a simultaneous allusion to *Portnoy's Complaint*, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and an esthetic of decapitation going back to the Druids?

PASOLINI: I have full confidence in Miss Gilliatt. Do not bother to come back after lunch.

At this point the tape recorder was spotted and had to be rushed from the set. The pursuers were handicapped by the spirituality of their bare feet. —E. S. TURNER.

But What Goes After the Third Line?

ANYBODY HERE want to make an easy $5, $10, $25, or $50, or any amount at a party? Or not at a party—anywhere. Turn to the next man or woman and say, "I'll bet you can't sing the *Little Orphan Annie* theme song." This bet must be made only with people who were children during the Thirties and early Forties. *All* people during that period, budding delinquents, safecrackers, stock market manipulators, or whatever, listened to *Little Orphan Annie*.

The chances are that the person who takes the bet will begin with:

Who's that little chatterbox?
The one with pretty auburn locks?

And then get stuck, stopped cold. Your sucker will flounder around, saying, perhaps, "I think, 'Cute little she . . . ,'" and then stop again. "OK, here's your money," he will say, grudgingly. And, sometimes: "I'll bet you back, double or nothing, you can't sing the whole goddamned thing."

This is the moment when you sing, in strong or weak voice, the entire lyric, which is as follows:

Who's that little chatterbox?
The one with pretty auburn locks?
Cute little she,
It's Little Orphan Annie.
Bright eyes, always on the go,
There's a sort of healthiness handy.
Mite size, cheeks a-rosy glow,
If you want to know,
"Arf!" says Sandy,
Always wears a sunny smile,
Now, wouldn't it be worth your while
If you could be
Like Little Orphan Annie?

Immediately after you have completed your rendition, a heated discussion will arise. First off, someone will bet that you can't remember the name of the man who sang the song. Do not take this bet. I checked with all three major networks, and nobody I talked to at any of them could remember. At one network, a man actually said, "Do we still carry that? Did we ever carry it? You got me, pal"—and hung up. It is equally impossible to learn the name of the organist who accompanied this unforgettable song.

Lyrically speaking, or rather, speaking prosaically of the lyrics, there are a few other points about the song that nobody else will think to bring up:

1) Annie, neither in the comic strip nor on the radio, *ever* was a chatterbox. Her lines usually were confined to expressions of mystification or astonishment or extreme excitement, such as "Leapin' lizards!"

2) Annie's eyes were anything but bright. First off, they had no pupils. They were as expressionless as a pair of small ironstone dishes.

3) Annie was not "always on the go." She and Sandy frequently took walks at a leisurely pace, or lay down and had naps together.

4) Annie's cheeks were not "a-rosy glow." They were as colorless as her vacant smile.

5) Sandy, her dog, who had eyes as blank as Annie's, explained absolutely nothing by saying "arf." No dog in the annals of dog history has ever said, "arf," any more than one has ever said, "bow wow."

6) Annie did not always wear a sunny smile. When she was downcast or threatened, she frequently turned down the corners of her mouth.

7) Her millionaire benefactor, Daddy Warbucks, seldom appeared in either the comic strip or the radio program. How he came to be her benefactor never was explained. Nor was the presence of his hulking Hindu, whose name was something like Punjab or Jubjub. Whenever Daddy did manage to put in an appearance, the Hindu, turbaned and sworded, always was at hand, causing Annie to wear her sunny smile. Daddy Warbucks, who must have been named that because he had made his money in munitions, was —I am convinced—the model for Mr. Clean. What Annie saw in him is hard for me to say.

8.) No, it wouldn't be worth anybody's while if he or she could be like Little Orphan Annie. Disaster was always imminent in her life, or sorrow at Daddy's frequent disappearances, which in my view occurred only because he wished to get the hell away from his ward.

So much for Orphan Annie. Anybody for bets on Chandu the Magician?

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Letter to His Readers From a Constant Writer

THIS IS MY first fan letter to what I've always considered the most literate and perceptive group of mail-senders who ever put poisoned pen to paper.

But, boy, did you readers ever flunk out in your latest batch of bombardments. In the column of June 7 there were listed the names of some of the hundreds of renowned artists who appeared at Carnegie Hall since it opened in 1891. In this there was incorrectly, and purposely, inserted the name of the Italian violinist and composer, Signor Niccolò Paganini. He died in 1840.

It seems to this constant writer that the readers are not doing their required research, if indeed it took any research at all. Any kindergarten child who knows the lyrics to "Happy Birthday" would have known that the Signor was in no condition to have appeared at Carnegie Hall in 1891.

But only one complaining letter came, and she complained about the wrong thing. Mrs. M. Londeberg Smith of Edina, Minnesota, wrote: "A list of names is a bore. As a writer, I understand why you did it. An easy deadline," she accuses. My answer to that is: "Oh yeah, Mrs. Smith?" And that's only for openers. "Which do you think is easier to spell, Serge Koussevitzky or Tom Smothers, Giulio Gatti-Casazza or Samuel Finley Breese Morse? To say nothing of doing research in a book called *Portrait of Carnegie Hall.*

"That easy deadline took twice the usual time anything else would have taken, Mrs. Smith, as it would have you, too, and I'm willing to bet you the ten irretrievable bucks it cost me to buy that book."

I write this fan letter not in anger, readers, because your envelopes, if I may paraphrase your letters, are "the first I turn to," when our mailman remembers to saunter by and drop them off here. I open each in gleeful anticipation, with just a soupçon of "What did I do wrong now?"

And when your letters tell me in no uncertain terms where I went astray I say, "How true!" and "How lucky I am to have such bright and helpful readers who take time out of a busy life to tell me off." And then I murmur, "*Que sera, sera.* Why me, why me?"

Some of the letters get here before the print on the magazine and your blood pressures have had time to gel, if that's the word I want. (Hold it! I'm not asking, you understand.)

The column offering to send you the "word" the Smothers Brothers used on their TV show is a point in case. Would you believe the requests for the word came three-to-one from women? They did. Including one from a fair lady in Elmira, New York, with an italic typewriter, who insisted I send the naughty word in a love letter.

A pleasant and fringe benefit of this job is that I learn a lot from the readers. However, your letters on the unfortunate S. F. B. Morse caper of last April, which you all remember with great glee as the high point of my stupidity, when I referred to Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, as Robert Morse—even proofreaders don't read me—did much to confuse me even more.

Especially these two letters, one from Howard Whetsel of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, the other from Alan M. Dorhoffer of Post Washington, New York.

Mr. Whetsel writes that the telegraph was invented by a Teuton named Friedrich Gauss, who probably didn't tap out "What hath God wrought!" but "*Gott im Himmel!*" He also says that Mr. Gauss had a brother who was the really brilliant one: "He was the kind of a fellow who could give you the square root of boxcars as they passed the station," writes Mr. W.

Now Mr. Dorhoffer writes: "The apparatus used by Morse was developed not by Morse, but by Alfred Vail of Speedwell, New Jersey, and by Ezra Cornell, who later founded Cornell University. They developed the pipe-laying device that would carry the telegraph wires. Although Vail and Cornell devised the system and made it work, their chief verbal partner and associate, S. F. B. Morse, is credited with the entire system."

Well, before I tap myself for another ten bucks for another book to research all that, I'm going to tap myself out an SOS. Whetsel meet Dorhoffer, and may the best man win.

For now—(Hold it again! I just saw that. "May the *better* man win.") For now, thanks for your patience with my informational gaps. After all, you've been reading much longer than I've been writing. To err is human, to forgive is divine mail.

John Kenneth Galbraith

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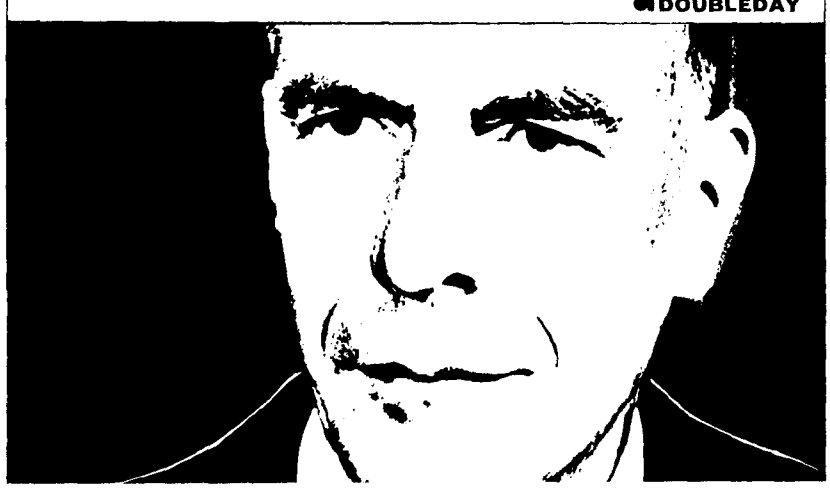

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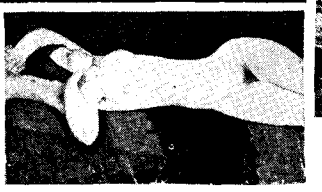

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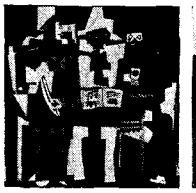

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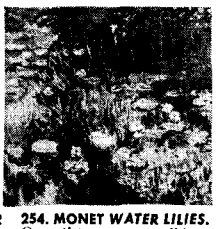

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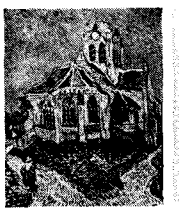

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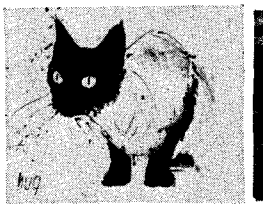

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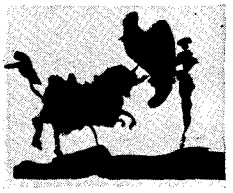

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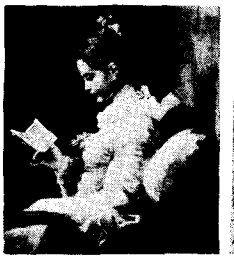

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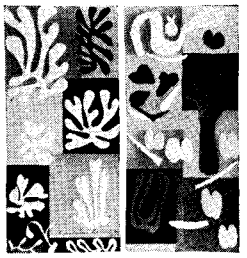

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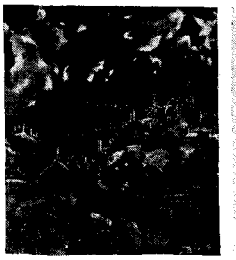

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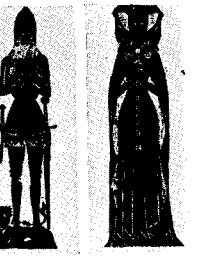

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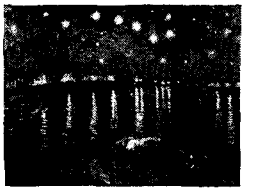

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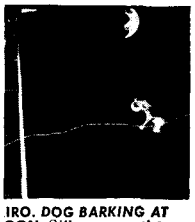

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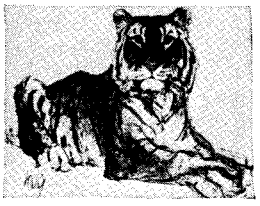

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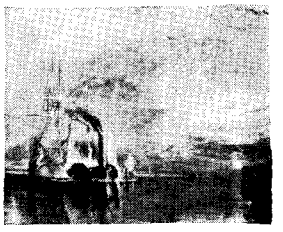

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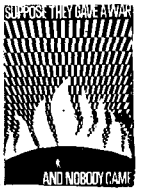

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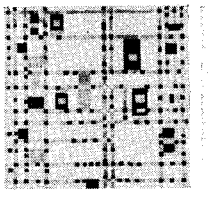

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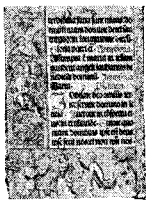

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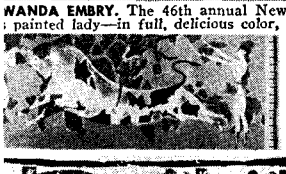

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Is history obsolete? That little question, one which may well be, shall we say, of more than passing interest, was asked in a series of articles by Dr. Jack Bloomfield in the *New York Column.*

"The teaching of history," Dr. Bloomfield wrote, "could well be following in the disappearing footsteps of the classics." And he quoted Professor Charles Sellers of Berkeley, a member of the California Statewide Social Sciences Study Committee, as saying, "Virtually no one except the history professors on this large and representative committee saw much value in retaining history in the curriculum at all."

No history in the curriculum at all! Out the window. Well, it figures—as the saying goes, unless mathematics has gone too. And we can even figure why the California Statewide Social Sciences Study Committee figures that history doesn't relate to, as another phrase goes, where it's at. Of course, history does relate to where it *was* at, but where it was at, nowadays, is apparently nowhere. Or perhaps we should say *now*where. Because, after all, you can hardly expect the "Now" generation to be interested in just plain old then.

All right, suppose Santayana did say that those who are ignorant of the past are condemned to repeat it. Look at it this way. These kids won't *know* they're repeating it.

And another thing you will have to admit is that they'll be happy. Remember "Happy is the nation that has no history." Well, with *really* no history, these kids ought to be Adam and Eve. Never mind Fun City—we'll have a whole Fun Country.

We won't be completely without history anyway. Because up at Harvard, during the late unpleasantness, there were leaflets which not only announced "Harvard New College" but also announced brand new courses. One of these was called "Motorcycles and Sex." Another, however, was a history course. It was called "History of Self."

We can see this course now—taught in six parts. First, "My Environment: How I Was Egypt Out of My Birthright." Second, "My Parents: They Were Both Greek to Me." Third, "My Adolescence: I Run Away from Rome." Fourth, "My Middle-Age Problem." Fifth, "My Comeback: How I Learned to Relate to My Renaissance." And sixth, last but not least, "Modern Me."

It sounds terrific, doesn't it? We only hope we don't get so interested in it we won't have any time for "Motorcycles and Sex."

"As part of the new de-emphasis on violence, play up the line that he's fighting evil because he hates evil, instead of fighting evil because he loves to fight."

Quiz question: If you went to an annual meeting and the first thing everybody did was to drink three toasts—one to "Stan," one to "Babe," and one to "Fin"—what would you be at an annual meeting of?

If you guessed Old Timers' Day at Yankee Stadium, you guessed wrong. The answer is a meeting of The Sons of the Desert. And, if you don't know what *that* is, that was a movie, son, in the days when they really made 'em. And the stars were none other than the late but immortal Stan Laurel and Babe, publicly known as Oliver Hardy. Fin, incidentally, was James Finlayson, Laurel and Hardy's nemesis.

The Sons of the Desert include more than a thousand members who meet every six weeks in individual "tents" all over the country to do honor to what they regard as the greatest comedy team, bar none, in entertainment history. They are also, bar none, the most faithful of all fan clubs.

But, as we learned attending their annual meeting at the Lambs' Club, don't say "fan" to any one of them. In fact, John McCabe, Grand Sheik of The Sons of the Desert, author of *Mr. Laurel & Mr. Hardy*, and head of Communication Arts at the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan, informed us they were not a fan club but a buff club. "A fan," he told us sternly, "is wildly idolatrous. A buff is a discerning critic." Then, looking around the room at the faithful, which included Lucille Hardy Price, wife of Oliver, and Mary Cohan, daughter of George M., he added: "If there are any people here who aren't buffs, they should get the hell out."

Nervously we assured him we were definitely a buff, and took a large drink of beer. He took a sip of his drink. "A buff," he continued firmly, "knows how to hold his liquor, too."

We guessed, looking at the constitution of The Sons of the Desert, he would have to. Article VIII of this declares, "The Annual Meeting shall be conducted in the following sequence: a) Cocktails, b) Business meeting and cocktails, c) Dinner with cocktails, d) After-dinner speeches and cocktails, e) Cocktails, f) Coffee and cocktails, g) Showing of Laurel and Hardy film, h) After-film critique and cocktails, i) After after-film critique and cocktails.

Make no mistake, though, The Sons of the Desert are serious. Most of them have seen every one of Laurel and Hardy's ninety-nine films. Furthermore, although they consider *The Music Box* the best and *Atoll K* the worst, they

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feel that at their best Laurel and Hardy were better than Chaplin and that only W. C. Fields was in their class. But critical judgments are, with the Sons, of secondary importance. "All kidding aside," Mr. McCabe told us, "actually what holds us together is love. Laurel and Hardy were like children—like puppies or kittens. They were blessed with innocence." Among other things we learned were that while Laurel and Hardy were the only comedians who ever played themselves with their own names in the movies, they were, off the screen, the opposite of themselves. Laurel, who in their pictures played the dimwit, was actually the man who originated most of the gags and even did the film editing on them. Hardy, on the other hand, who on the screen was bumptious, off it was extremely shy and deferred everything to Laurel.

Hardy was born in Harlem, Georgia, where his mother ran a hotel, and as a child he got in the habit of what he called "lobby watching." He particularly liked watching, he later recalled, "the smart, smart guy who's dumber than the dumb guy, only he doesn't know it." The life not only of every party but of his whole town, Norvell, as he was then called, was always asked to umpire the local baseball games because of the good show he put on. "There used to be a saying around town," the former Mrs. Hardy said, "that they'd close the banks to see Norvell umpire.

Laurel, on the other hand, was born in Glasgow, the son of the English character actor Arthur Jefferson. One day he asked a theater manager for a trial on the stage. "Why?" the manager wanted to know. "I'm funny," replied young Laurel simply. And, to the end of his life, he was. His wife, Ida, once told McCabe the details of her life with Laurel, talking of many things. And then she concluded with what almost seemed to be an afterthought.

"And oh!" she said, "how we *laughed*!"

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America is about to put men on the moon.

Please read this before they go.

Perhaps the best way for anyone to try to understand the size of such an undertaking is not for us to list the thousands of problems that had to be overcome, but for you to simply go out in your backyard some night, look up, and try to imagine how you'd begin, if it were up to you.

But our reason here is not to talk about the technicalities of the Apollo project. Rather, it is simply to ask you to think, for at least one brief moment, about the men and women who have applied their heads and their hearts and their hands—and a good many years of their lives—to putting a man on the moon.

Many of these people have worked for less money than they could have made in other places, and it is safe to say they have worked through more nights and weekends and lunch and dinner hours than they would have anywhere else.

And the astronauts, the brave men who will fly again down that long, dark and dustless corridor of space, this time to set foot—to walk upon the surface of the moon—they know the price that's often paid in setting out for lands uncharted. They know the price their fathers' grandfathers paid just to walk across the wilderness of America for the first fifty years.

For a long time now, we have been involved with the people who are the thinkers and the designers and the builders and the pilots of America's man-to-the-moon dream, of America's man-to-the-moon determination. We have worked with them, eaten with them, lived with them.

Yet our appreciation and admiration for them continues to grow each day—for their energy, for their imagination, their confidence, for their patience, their resourcefulness, for their courage.

We ask you, in the days ahead as we wait for the big one to begin, to understand this fantastic feat for what it is and to put it in proper perspective, a triumph of man, of individuals, of truly great human beings. For our touchdown on the moon will not be the product of magic, but the gift of men.

In James A. Michener's novel, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," an American admiral stands on the deck of his carrier early one morning and ponders the subject of his brave men. And thinking to himself, he asks a question of the wind which we believe all of us should ask as we think of the men who will finally make it to the moon and of the men who got them there: "Why is America lucky enough to have such men? ...Where did we get such men?"

North American Rockwell

North American Rockwell is a prime contractor for the Apollo project.

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Saturday Review
July 12, 1969

TOWARD AN AFFIRMATIVE MORALITY

"Can youth be made to feel that their elders do desire a better world; can the blacks be made to feel that the whites will accept them as first-class citizens; can the whites be made to feel that they honestly want this?"

by JOHN F. WHARTON

"Nothing important is ever done in this world until men are ready to kill each other if it is not done."

The radiation from the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs was still drifting away when *Saturday Review* published an editorial outlining some of the dangers and complexities of an atomic age. The editorial emphasized that change would occur at an unprecedented rate of speed. Unless modern man could deal with this change, the editorial warned, he would become obsolete.

The editorial was quite correct in its prophecies of problems to come. Unhappily, modern man has not yet shown any ability to deal with them. The leadership generation of the 1950s and 1960s—my own—is now clearly obsolete, and a cloud of obsolescence is settling down on the generations next in line. Only the young are as yet untouched.

Some hundreds of millions of words have been written by now about the students' revolt and the rebellion of the disenfranchised; I feel that I myself have read several million. One hesitates to mention the subjects again, except for the fact that nowhere have I seen anyone really facing up to certain basic causes.

One basic cause arises from the fact that the leaders of revolt see clearly something that most of their elders simply cannot admit. They see that the accepted and entrenched educational, economic, and political systems have produced a world with more warfare, bigger massacres, more powerful criminals, and more overall violence than at any other time since the Age of Enlightenment began. Yet many of the leaders of these systems are still spouting platitudes which, to the young people, are patent expressions either of ignorance, self-delusion, or pure hypocrisy. Moreover, not only do these elderly folk refuse to admit any incompetence; they actually boast of the eminence that they have achieved—utterly unaware that to youth *this* is proof of incompetence. When one is part of a system that has brought a whole world to disaster, only a fool boasts that he is an *important part*. Yet these are the people, say our youth, who have the unmitigated gall to expect that we will gladly accept them as fit to train us for *any* kind of leadership.

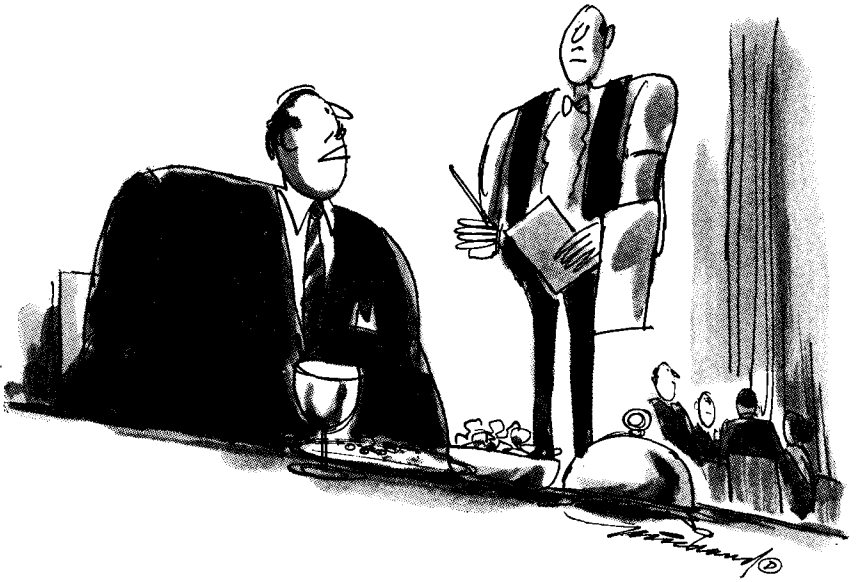
Youth's first reaction to all of the foregoing is one of frustration, rage, and desire to destroy. The situation is similar to a man trying to learn to ride a bicycle with such crooked handle bars that he always finds himself in the ditch. He tries to fix it; he can't; no one helps him; in a rage he kicks the whole thing to pieces. He must then pick up the pieces and build a new bicycle—or perhaps a motorcycle, or even a machine never before seen. Can he do it?

The notion of rebuilding from the bottom up is by no means a new one. More than a thousand years ago a Persian poet wrote these lines as the climax of his poem.

Ah, Love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remold it closer to our hearts' desire.

There have been a number of attempts to carry out the poet's dream. None has been completely successful, but some have produced what most of us would call a better world.

Martin Luther I (some appellation seems necessary to prevent confusion with the late Dr. King), backed by the armies of some petty German princelings, almost shattered to bits the



"My escargot just crawled into my grand cru Chateau Latour!"

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whole religious system of Western Europe. He didn't quite do it, but he did create spots where a man who wanted freedom of religious thought could get it without fear of torture and death at the stake. Most of us think that, despite the wars that were fought to achieve it, Martin Luther I made a better world. (One of the things learned in that strife should be remembered today. The Catholics insisted that they could not live side by side with Protestants because of the heretics' smell. When they accepted each other, the smell mysteriously disappeared.)

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the proponents of democracy came closer to complete success in shattering the political systems of what they glibly called "the civilized world"—again, we think, very much for the better. But, for the most part, they had little initial impact on the economic or religious systems.

Then, in 1917, came what John Reed called *Ten Days That Shook the World*, when the Bolsheviks shattered to bits the political, economic, and religious systems of more than 150 million people and began rebuilding them nearer to the Bolshevik heart's desire. This action did *not*, in the opinion of most outsiders, make a better world.

But it did scare the daylights out of what is now called the Establishment —all over the Western world.

This revolution arose because the Czarists had resolutely refused to permit any important change. And right here is the most important of the basic causes of the ferment today. Our young people and our disenfranchised see that the processes of change in our democracy have fallen into the control of men who are more concerned with their own immediate well-being than with the long-term public good. Hence, we have commissions and recommendations, again and again and again, but the passage of true remedial legislation is alarmingly slow or nonexistent.

For example, just about everyone today knows that air pollution is dangerous to life and health. But it is almost impossible to obtain valid remedial legislation. City legislators, in particular, want to pass laws without teeth in them. They can then pose as anti-pollution leaders, at the same time knowing that the polluters will continue to make campaign contributions. For another example, everyone knows that the narcotics trade run by organized crime takes a yearly toll of billions of dollars and millions of shattered lives. Yet, except for a brief foray by Robert Kennedy, not since Thomas Dewey's epoch-making drive in the 1930s has any political leader appeared who was ready to make a similar fight, nor is there any sign that the money to support him would be forthcoming. Instead, we hear unpleasant rumors of the Mafia's influence with city officials and legislatures (of course there is plenty of *talk* about making a fight).

The machinery for effective remedial legislation in the capitalist countries has obviously developed rust in the gears; those who sit in the seats of the mighty have become experts in proving (to themselves) that we must go slow, which usually turns out to mean never. The recommendations for alleviation of the ghettos run back *thirty years*. (In Communist countries, the gears seem to be filled with wet sand; it is even worse.)

This is the major reason why the rebel leaders quite clearly want to shatter all Establishments to bits and rebuild from the bottom up. This threat is what terrifies the "In" people, and there *is* cause for terror. Every great experiment, be it Protestantism or democracy, or anything else, carries enormous risks along with its hopes. But the willingness, nay desire, to take risks is part and parcel of every reform movement; the fear of risks will not prevent the next great reform movement from carrying on.

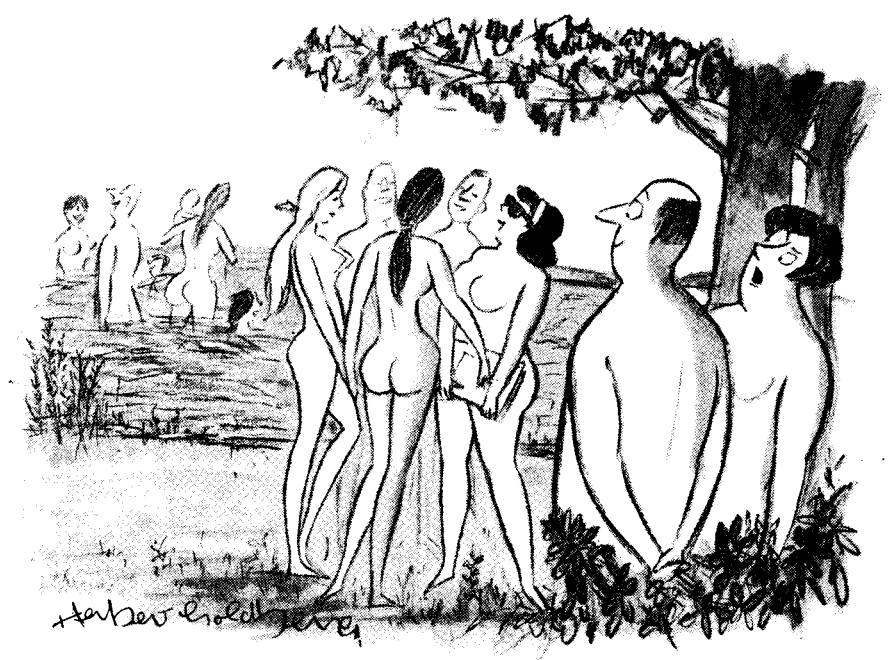
To digress for a moment, there is the cheerful possibility that such risk-taking will eventuate in something unimaginable at the moment—something fine, although as incomprehensible to us as the American Constitution would have been to Louis XIV of France. *If* a new world-wide type of constitution did evolve, then nuclear war might be staved off. Be it remembered that our union did not come about because of fear of intercolonial war; it came to pass because the colonies felt union would give them a more prosperous and richer life. The eighty years of interstate peace that followed were a by-product. So *might* it be with international peace. It is indeed a thin hope, a tiny gleam—but is there *any* other?

But the somber question is this: in a world completely out of control will the young people or, more likely, the economically and spiritually disenfranchised be allowed even to oil the rusty gears without first fighting the new type civil war, such as that depicted in the brilliant motion picture *The Battle of Algiers*.

Very few Westerners understand this type of war; Algiers is well worth study. Beginning with unorganized rioting in the Moslem ghetto, the Arabs formed a secret organization and *well-directed* terrorism ensued. And well-directed terrorism is something that the affluent members of our affluent society have never experienced. (The small shopkeepers and restaurateurs *have* felt the well-directed terrorism of the Mafia.)

In Algiers, Arab women walked the streets carrying large purses from which a companion terrorist could quickly extract a pistol, shoot to kill, replace it, and disappear. Time bombs were placed not only in consulates but in airports, chic dining spots, sporting arenas. Nobody's life was safe anywhere, any time.

Of course, a backlash ensued. It rose to new heights in its turn; tough paratroopers were called in. With the use of spies, torture of witnesses, and murder, they broke up the organization—



"You and your Green Stamp vacation!"

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for a time. Phoenix-like, it emerged again, and again, until finally the Arabs were made first-class citizens in an independent country.

Backlash in America is nothing new. More than two years ago, it defeated the proposal for a civilian review board of police action in New York City. George Wallace rode high on the backlash in the South and is still seeking new worlds to conquer. I recently met a well-educated, urbane lady from a Northern state who declared that the man responsible for our ills of today was Abraham Lincoln! (She just wished he could be made to come back and face the troubles he has caused.)

Sociologists have pointed out that there have been, in times past, phenomena very similar to the hippie and flower children movements and that these, in the absence of constructive leadership, have ended by evoking reaction and repression of the bleakest kind. On the other side of the coin, we see the black power movement, riots in the ghettos, violence everywhere in the city streets, in the country, in the suburbs. Hapless victims are mugged and murdered before crowds of onlookers; we all shrug it off and pray, "Oh, God, not me."

The dispossessed need only a magnetic, militant leader to bring about a confrontation. The backlash needs only a ruthless leader to produce a brand of American Fascism. Some of the white soldiers in Vietnam who have learned General Westmoreland's "search-and-destroy" tactics will be the perfect material for brownshirts and blackshirts. Some of the blacks returning from that war will be as ready to risk their lives for their race as they were for the country that has treated them so badly. The forces of repression will raise the cry for "law and order," by which they mean putting down violence with more violence. *The Battle of Algiers* could become the battle of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, what you will.

Let us pray that it will not happen. Certainly it need not. Wise leadership could surely avert it. But too many of our current political leaders put their faith in violence as the means to produce peace. One might almost say that their slogan is "world peace through perpetual war." Occasionally, one of them talks in a different strain, but he is seldom forthright. The most one can say for him is what Theodore Roosevelt said of William H. Taft, "He means well feebly." And the great leader of nonviolence, Dr. Martin Luther King, lies dead. If assassination was his reward, why shouldn't the blacks turn to violent methods? What would *you* do if you were a young Negro soldier returning from Vietnam to a ghetto life?

The quotation at the beginning of this article expresses the motto of a fictional munitions-maker. Gandhi disproved it; he was assassinated. Martin Luther King tried to disprove it; he was assassinated. The mythical munitions-maker and his creator, George Bernard Shaw, must be laughing sardonically, "When will you learn?"

Of course, there are counterforces at work, but at the moment the task is frustrating. The problem is both a moral and an emotional one: can youth be made to *feel* that their elders do desire a better world; can the blacks be made to *feel* that the whites will accept them as first-class citizens; can the whites be made to *feel* that they honestly want this? Our knowledge of how to effect such changes in human behavior is almost nonexistent; we only know that groups of humans act from emotion rather than reason, and that no type of action, good or bad, is impossible. If you doubt it, read George Mackay's *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds.*

However, there *are* men and women, many of them scientifically trained, who are studying the question of changing human behavior, and at any time a breakthrough may occur. The support of these people seems to be the world's best hope at the moment, and I append a list below (partial and taken

(*Continued on page* 46)

ORGANIZATIONS STUDYING HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Institute for the Study of National Behavior, Inc., 240 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540; Dr. Bryant Wedge, director.

The Center for Research on Conflict Resolution, The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Western Behavioral Sciences Institute, La Jolla, California.

The International Peace Research Institute, P.O. Box 5052, Oslo 3, Norway; Johann Galtung, director.

The Canadian Peace Research Institute, Box 70, Clarkson, Ontario, Canada.

Esalen Institute, Big Sur Hot Springs, Big Sur, California 93920; Mike Murphy, president. San Francisco Office: P.O. Box 31389, San Francisco, California 94131.

American Association of Humanistic Psychology, 584 Page Street, San Francisco, California 94117; John Levy, director (Publication: *Journal of Humanistic Psychology,* 2637 Marshall Drive, Palo Alto, California; Tony Sutich, editor).

NTL Institute for Applied Behavioral Science, 1201 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; Leland Bradford, director (Publication: *Journal of Applied Behavioral Science*).

Psychosynthesis Research Foundation, Room 314, 527 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017; Frank Hilton, director.

International Foundation for Psychosynthesis, Suite 901 Linde Medical Plaza, 10921 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024; Robert Gerard, president.

International Society for General Semantics, 540 Powell Street, San Francisco, California 94108 (Publication: *Etc.,* S.I. Hayakawa, editor).

International Center for Integrative Studies (ICIS), 14 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011; Erling Thunberg, director (Publications: *Forum for Correspondence and Contact* and *ICIS News Bulletin*).

National Center for Exploration of Human Potential, Stone-Brandel Center, 1439 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60605; Herbert Otto and John Mann, directors.

Institute of Therapeutic Psychology, 205 West 20th Street, Santa Ana, California 92706; Everett Shostrom, director.

Aureon Institute, 71 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; Harold Streitfeld, director (connected with Esalen Institute).

Shalai Institute, c/o Vancouver Central YMCA, 955 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada (connected with Esalen Institute).

Oasis-Midwest Center for Human Potential, 3542 Kimball Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618 (connected with Esalen Institute).

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FELLINI AT WORK

by HOLLIS ALPERT

I was pleased when, a few days ago, an announcement from United Artists reported that "Fellini's *Satyricon*, a film spectacle based on the bawdy Roman comedy by Petronius," had completed its principal photography in Rome. In movie parlance, this meant that the picture had been wrapped up, the sets struck, and what remained to be done was the arduous process of editing, mixing, laboratory work, dubbing, and looping that would require another several months of intensive supervision on the part of Federico Fellini. I was pleased not only because the announcement meant that in a reasonable time, by Fellini's method of counting, I would be able to see his opus eleven, but because when I visited him in Rome a few months ago he had expressed some doubt as to whether he would ever be able to finish the picture.

At that time, he was in the midst of filming Trimalchio's banquet on a Cinecitta set designed according to his conception of what a rich, vulgar "freedman's" dining hall would have looked like nearly 2,000 years ago. The director, now forty-nine, acknowledged the world over as one of the great modern masters of the cinema, was in full, lively command of a respectful and obviously competent crew of technicians. A young woman, writing for *Life*—and also contracted to a publisher to write a book on the making of the film—hovered near, incessantly jotting shorthand notes on a pad. A "slave" beat just as incessantly and monotonously on some odd-looking cymbals, meant less as a sound-track accompaniment than as atmospheric and vaguely period "music" to help the mood. And probably the most decadent-looking group of dinner guests ever assembled lolled on large cushions, with huge trays of sweetmeats in front of them, waiting for directions from the master. There, too, were the two principals, Martin Potter as Encolpius and Hiram Keller as Ascyltus, listening to their host—in real life Mario Romagnoli, a restaurateur—regale them with anecdotes.

As was fitting for so storied a banquet, Fellini was spending several weeks on the filming, and he seemed particularly proud of the huge roasted sow—a facsimile made by the production department—that waited on a barrow for its carving by Trimalchio's cook, standing ready with upraised sword. Incense-like smoke from salvers drifted over the scene as an assistant with a clapboard that said merely FELLINI and gave the number of the scene and the take moved in close to the camera, then withdrew. On Fellini's signal, the cook raised the sword and chopped down on the sow's head, which fell away on its ingenious hinge. It took several such cleavings and several camera positions before Fellini was satisfied the sow was properly de-

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capitated, after which it was time for the lunch break.

It was nearly four years since Fellini had last made a feature film, *Giuletta of the Spirits*. He had visited New York for its opening, and, when I happened to encounter him during his visit, he had generously invited me to watch him work, should I ever be in Rome when he was filming. During the interval he had been hospitalized with a long, serious illness; he had begun work on a few tentative projects; he had made a forty-minute segment for a three-part film (not yet released here); and, fully recovered at last, he was doing the film he had long wanted to do, his own interpretation of the *Satyricon*, based on a lengthy script he had evolved with two co-scriptwriters. The producer was Alberto Grimaldi, recently risen to eminence by way of several gory Italian-Spanish Westerns starring Clint Eastwood, and now partnered with United Artists in the production of the Fellini film.

I had expected, when I journeyed from my hotel to the Cinecitta Studios, that I would find Fellini surrounded by friends, hangers-on, and spectators while he worked, for I had heard that he enjoyed working in the midst of controlled chaos, but this was not the case. In fact, a strict control over who could be admitted to the set had been instituted by the British publicity man, a fussy fellow in the employ of United Artists, who informed me that the rigors of the production were such that only one reporter and/or a press photographer could be admitted to the set at any one time, this on Fellini's own instruction. His job, however, was complicated by the fact that Fellini, without notifying him or anyone else, would invite friends, casual acquaintances, or just about anyone who asked him—often actors looking for work—to see him on the set. Just the previous day, a party of fifteen Japanese photographers, flying from Tokyo in a body, had had to be accommodated. They were allowed to click around the set for three hours before they were politely but firmly shooed off.

Busy as he was, Fellini made me welcome. He may have a little trouble with names, but he seldom forgets a face. He remembered mine, ordered a chair to be brought for me, and, once the sow's head was chopped off to his satisfaction, invited me to lunch with him in his private quarters at the studio. The publicity man was ordered to send up a translator, just in case his English, which now and then fails him, needed bolstering. Also present was a sharp-featured Italian woman, who, I gathered, was his secretary. It is sometimes difficult to know just what relationship anyone bears to Fellini; the waiter who served us lunch appeared to be one of his closest friends and sometimes paused to listen with absorption to whatever he said.

What was foremost on his mind at that moment, as it is with other film artists who must equate what they want to do with the resources available, was money. "I don't think this picture will ever be finished," he told me gloomily. "There is not enough money. United Artists is—how do you say it—too cheap. They have given us for this picture *such* a little money, really a mortifyingly small amount, enough to make the credits." He sighed deeply. "Well, *buon appetito*."

The secretary looked uncomfortable; the waiter smiled. The picture would, of course, be finished, but this was Signor Fellini's way of expressing his discontent.

Earlier, I had chatted with Eugene Walter, who serves as Fellini's dialogue director and English coach—this because Fellini often uses English-speaking actors and sometimes needs to have his directions translated. Walter had mentioned that Mrs. Fellini (Giuletta Masina) claimed that "the only time Federico blushes is when he tells the truth. He has the reputation —which he is proud of—of being the biggest liar in Italy. But he respects the truth more than most people." Thus forewarned, I did not take Fellini's complaints about money too

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seriously either. However, the matter remained on his mind.

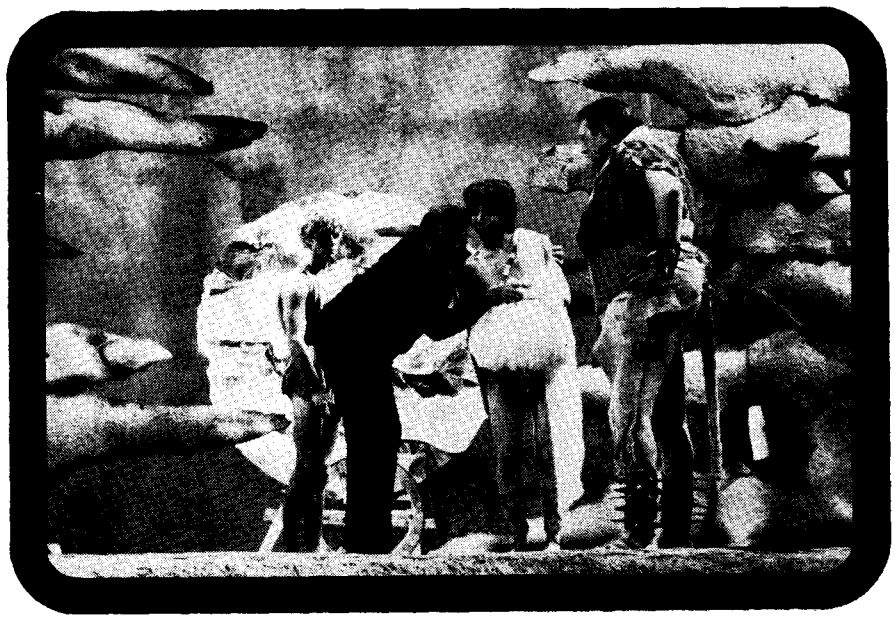
"There are rumors of a $3-million budget," he said. "Lies, just lies. It is much, much less."

Though budget considerations seldom have much to do with the artistic quality of a picture, I later checked with a United Artists executive, hoping to clarify the money question. It was almost too much for him. "Financing Italian films has a way of being incredibly complicated," he said. "We made our arrangement with Grimaldi, but the money allotted to Fellini's picture is tied in with others on Grimaldi's schedule. However they choose to interpret it, the picture *will* cost at least $3 million. Our share takes in the rights outside of Italy. All I can say is that we've kept our part of the bargain."

Fellini, in advance, could see the company point of view. "Our own industry hardly exists any more," he said. "So we make pictures with American money, and the one who takes money from the other has, in a sense, to prove he is not a thief. We are good friends, but I think they are a little fearful. They don't trust us. For this reason, maybe, they have given my producer less money than what, in a real way, the picture costs. Grimaldi is a very nice man. Indeed, he's so nice and gentle that I don't see how he can last very long in our jungle."

One wonders how Fellini has lasted, too. Throughout his career he has been embroiled—again because of the Italian film financing practices—with producers and with legal suits over who owned what part of his films. In the case of his monumental *La Dolce Vita*, he wound up with no vested interest in its enormous financial success. Then there is censorship, in Italy and elsewhere. "The picture industry is still so vulgar," he said, "that if the film author tried to oversee what happens to his work he would quickly die of a broken heart. Between censorship, the vulgarity of the advertising, the stupidity of exhibitors, the mutilation, the inept dubbing into other languages—when I finish a picture I just don't want to know what happens to it. Some theaters will present it as a pornographic picture, others will cut out a reel or two in order to cram in more showings. It's better to forget you ever made it."

And now he has another problem, one which enjoined him from even using his title, *The Satyricon*. That was the reason the clapboard had FELLINI as a title. No sooner had he announced his intention of making the Petronius work when another Italian producer registered the title for a quickie of his own. "We're both using the same laboratory, and while waiting for a court ruling we had to give ours another title to avoid foul-ups in the processing. Privately we call ours 'The Fellinicon,' but at the lab it's simply 'Fellini.' If I had my way I would give it the perhaps boring title 'Myths and Legends of Ancient Rome.' For that's what it is." (The title matter apparently has been resolved with "Fellini's Satyricon," and meanwhile the other "Satyricon" has been seized by the Italian censors.)



Pointing out that it woud be totally impossible to know what life was really like in ancient Roman times, and that the Petronius work represented only, at most, a 10 per cent fragment of the original, Fellini emphasized that for him the book "serves as a pretext to make fantasy, almost a science fic tion. What I was taught at school, during the Fascist period, was stupid and boring. Archaeology adds to the past a theatrical and phony dimension. And then came the movies! Those huge vulgarizations that further destroyed our chances to conceive of the past. I've had to try to clear my mind of all that, to reinvent, freely and virginally, the phantoms of 2,000 years ago. But with such *cheap money*! It's really very difficult."

Not that he was, in any way, attempting to make the bawdy spectacle mentioned by United Artists. "Perhaps I can describe it as a sort of fresco of pagan times. I have had a certain dream. And, now that I've imagined it, my job on the set is to materialize what I have imagined." This was one of the reasons for a more rigorous control of who could visit the set. "I am working differently this time," he said. "A much more detailed script, for one thing. Previously, I allowed room in the scripts not for improvisation necessarily, but for suggestions that would come from what was being filmed. For example: the aristocrat's party in *La Dolce Vita*. We worked in a real castle, we used real aristocrats. I was able to take blood from them, so to speak. I kept myself open for what could arise during the filming of the situation. Here that isn't possible. Every detail must be known in advance. Having to invent what I do not know is very exacting, even dangerous. The concentration required from me is greater."

Even more important to him was fashioning "a pre-Christian dimension. Put another way, I've tried to do a story in which there is the absence of Christ. Most of Western art, movies included, is pervaded with moral and psychological conceptions brought about by Christianity. But pagan Romans, having no conception of a Christ figure, unaware of the consequent spirituality, morality, dogma, truly existed in another time dimension—which is why I liken this film to science fiction. For those Romans, any debauchery was worth trying. Their cruelty, so extraordinary to us, was casual to them. After all, for an afternoon's pleasure, they would slaughter hundreds of people in the Colosseum. *The Satyricon* is a story of a society with a pre-Christian character. One must find a *virginal* way of placing oneself in such a time, such a dimension."

It had been suggested to him by those eager to interpret his work and place each film in a context with the others, that both a personal and contemporary meaning would be ex-

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pressed in his new film. Fellini was benignly aware of all this world-wide *auteur* legwork by critics, some of whom saw autobiographical overtones in everything from *Variety Lights* to, of course, *8½*, in which the film-director hero wore a black, floppy hat exactly like Fellini's. "The American critics," he said, "I find the most practical. They do not try to see too much. The French, on the other hand, are the craziest. They sometimes strike me as delirious. But if they say good things I am happy. I don't want to appear morbidly humble, but it sometimes seems to me I am received with too much respect.

"And since an analogy will probably be made between the time of my *Satyricon* film and the present, I will make my own. The picture might suggest that we are living in a post-Christian time, but the analogy is not made in a schematic, cold, intellectual way. At this moment it strikes me that we are out of Christ and that we are waiting for something else that will have to become. It is a free adventure of people open to everything. Encolpius and Ascyltus are two students who are provincials, but half-beatniks, not dissimilar to those we can see in our times on the Spanish Steps; they go from one adventure to another without the slightest remorse, with the natural innocence and splendid vitality of two young animals. Their rebellion, like some of our own young, is translated into terms of absolute ignorance and detachment from the society in which they find themselves.

"But, it is a very chaste picture—the only naked thing in it is the pig you saw this morning. Not that I pretend to have an innocent eye. Yet, one can show the most unheard of things without becoming obscene. It is the sick eye of the watcher that makes something sick. I must be careful not to pass judgment on, to condemn, the Romans of that time. For it is we who have invented the conscience; we have given a moral value to things, aided by 2,000 years of Christianity—a Christianity which has made of us stuttering babes crying for our mamas, our church, our Pope, our political leaders. I will do my best to paint the pagan world free of the Christian conscience, and, if I am successful, it may have some clarifying value for our time. Perhaps it will even be seen as an allegorical satire of our present-day world."

As in all of Fellini's films, the faces will undoubtedly fascinate. But he has no Mastroiani this time, no Anita Ekberg or Claudia Cardinale to portray his flamboyant symbols of femininity. The only relatively known name in the film is Capucine, who plays the minor role of the debauched Tryphaena. The

major parts of Encolpius and Ascyltus, the two young rogues of the Petronius work, have gone, respectively, to young English and American actors. Neither had previously appeared in films, and Hiram Keller, the American, came straight out of the cast of *Hair* on Broadway.

Fellini, in his mood of the moment, claimed he chose unknowns because the financing precluded the use of stars. Otherwise he might have wanted Gert Frobe or Peter Ustinov for Trimalchio. But he is happiest when he feels free to search for his own faces. Ask him why he chose Potter or Keller, and he will simply say that he liked their faces. But why an American face and an English face? "Telling a story like this," he said, "it helps me to have foreign people, that is, to have for myself a feeling of their being foreign to me. Not speaking English very well, there is a strangeness between us. I want the audience to have that sense of the people being strange to them, of looking at a kind of people they have never met—almost as though they were Martians."

As for the language of the picture, he claimed that it would begin in the language of the period, Latin, which would then merge into the language of the country of its release. This sounded like a phenomenal dubbing job for each version, and it is more probable that there will be English, Italian, German, and French versions. But Fellini was not yet willing to give away his solution of the language problem. The half-hour or so of rushes he allowed me to view were spoken in English and Italian, were sometimes soundless, and yet were strange, beautiful, and haunting.

We returned to the set for the afternoon's work. Now, with the sow's head slashed off, two slaves rushed forward to bring out its innards. These proved to be not the entrails, but steaming heaps of sausages, goose livers, and little roasted birds. The Petronian specialties were heaped on brass platters and carried in triumph to the already sated and jaded guests, while Trimalchio watched the gourmand activity with plump and self-satisfied solemnity. Fellini, in between takes of the various angles, embraced a friend, joked with a member of the crew, debated with his cameraman, the great Giuseppe Rotunno, while smoke swirled and the cymbals sounded.

With the time for breaking near, I went over to Fellini to say good-bye, and to thank him for the visit. He kept me for a moment.

"As you can see," he said, "it is not a colossal picture. I must work very, very carefully, with the money they have given me." Then he smiled. "But I am happy—because with this one I have the feeling I am making my very first picture. I have no right to lament. I have always done what I wished to do, and I have always been very lucky. My secretary thinks I should tell you not to mention to anyone what I said about the cheap money. But say what you please. But, if you mention the money, add that Fellini said it smiling, but with sadness." He hesitated a moment, as though he had not given the precise direction. "Yes, smiling," he added, "but with very sad eyes."

They were not sad eyes, however. They were the eyes of a man of enormous talent, full of life and expressiveness, of a man hugely enjoying himself at his work.

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Space and Senselessness

Two American physicists recently attended a meeting in Moscow on space science and technology. They returned full of apprehension over the extent to which a spirit of arrogance and hostility toward the United States was reflected in Soviet policy.

The featured speaker at the conference banquet was the Soviet Minister of Military Aviation. Despite the presence of the American guests, the Soviet official called for a full program of anti-ballistic missile development by the U.S.S.R. He said Soviet intelligence had incontrovertible proof that the United States was well advanced with a maximum ABM missile program and that the Soviet Union was thus forced to speed up and enlarge its own ABM installations. In an icy, matter-of-fact manner, he proceeded to assert that Soviet planners were going to seize and maintain superiority over the United States—not just in anti-ballistic missiles but in the use of space stations and devices that could deliver a succession of nuclear bombs on a string of American targets.

The Soviet Minister ignored the forthcoming arms control talks between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. He said nothing about the need for effective agreements between the two countries that could give security to both countries by forestalling a new and dangerous upward spiral in the world arms race. It almost seemed as though the Soviet Minister welcomed American ABM activity as giving Soviet military planners a good reason for enlarging their own power.

It was a chilling, grim experience for the Americans, all the more since the dinner chairman had earlier declared that a basic purpose of the meeting was to promote a cooperative spirit among nations in the quest for world peace. Other speakers had addressed themselves to this theme, declaring that the exploration of outer space should redound to the credit of all mankind, and that considerable emphasis should be given to common efforts in space by the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. This stated purpose, however, was completely shattered by the remarks of the Soviet military official.

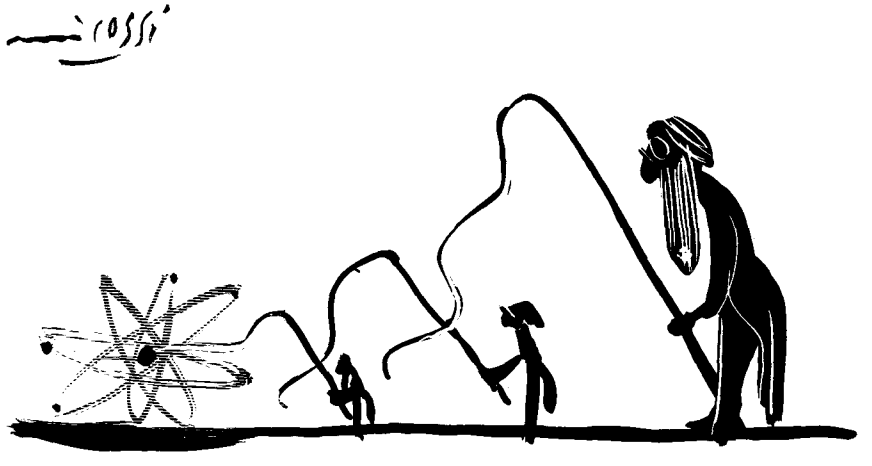
The Americans came away heartsick. Before arriving in Moscow they had expressed strong convictions about the need for arms control talks between the U.S. and U.S.S.R., for they recognized that an intensification of the arms race carried with it no security for anyone, only greater danger of war. But the kind of militaristic nonsense they had just heard reduced almost to the vanishing point the chances for a mutual and rational effort to slow down and reverse the world arms race. Nor were the Americans reassured the following day when several Soviet scientists sought them out to say they were sorry about what had happened at the dinner. The Americans said they were grateful to their Soviet colleagues but that they could not ignore or minimize the significance of the Soviet official's address, for they knew it would have been impossible for him to have said what he did unless it reflected current Soviet policy.

Fitting into the mood of the Soviet Minister's talk was an item in the Moscow press saying the Supreme Soviet Council had just decreed that, in the event of a landing on the moon or any other extraterrestrial bodies by Soviet spaceships, the only flag to be left behind would be the Soviet flag. The clear meaning was that the U.N. flag, with its world symbolism, was not to be planted on the moon.

What deeply troubled the Americans was not just the Soviet Minister's ABM speech or the anti-U.N.-flag news item, but the frightening implications of these events and what they portended for the chances of peace.

* * *

Now, there is just one thing wrong with all the foregoing. The conference took place not in Moscow but in Denver, Colorado. It was not the Soviet Minister of Military Aviation who was the main dinner speaker but the Secretary of the U.S. Air Force. The news item about the flag pertained to U.S. congressional declarations. The visitors were not American scientists but Soviet scientists. Apart from the transposition of the words "U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.," the facts are as stated above. The implications with respect to peace are the same. The human race is in jeopardy whenever power, insensitivity, and ignorance are joined together, whatever the national banner. —N. C.



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Letters to the Editor

Fighting Hunger

JOHN A. HAMILTON'S article "The Politics of Hunger" [*SR*, June 21] lacked one constructive element—that of giving more information as to one's own local conditions, and what can be done to alleviate local poverty by enforcing government programs. We can put an end to hunger if we try.

As the executive director for fourteen months of a community action agency in southern New Hampshire, I met too many insensitive local and state politicians who did not want to bother with the commodity distribution program (called food surplus). When it snowed, my staff and I went out into the streets and fields to deliver the food.

If there is a community action program in one's locale, pressure can be brought upon it to force an honest food program. It is the community action agency's responsibility to know what's going on locally, and to respond with force if necessary.

Because of the investigatory action of two courageous and dedicated VISTA volunteers, our community action agency brought to the public's attention the following information: 1) *All* welfare recipients—town, county, or state—are eligible for food surplus. 2) A one month's waiver of application certification can be granted. 3) Low-income people not on welfare are eligible. The U.S. Department of Agriculture's guidelines are public information. 4) Anyone can distribute application forms.

Action that can be taken: 1) Get the above into the newspapers. They are eager to release as much information as possible and will do features on local hardship cases. 2) Organize the local clergy to set up a revolving transportation schedule, especially in winter. Once they are made aware of the problem, they always help. 3) Get the League of Women Voters to study nutritional needs and local countermeasures. 4) Seek the cooperation of the Visiting Nurses Association, local extension services representatives, and the departments of agriculture, economics, and nursing of nearby colleges. 5) Have a group—church, fraternal, or civic—study the food distribution program, and if dissatisfied, contact directly the U.S. Department of Agriculture to review the situation.

MRS. MARILYN LEVINE,
Byfield, Mass.

Communism's Profile

THEODORE O. YNTEMA'S "The Changing Profile of World Communism" [*SR*, June 14] strikes me as possibly the most important article I have ever read. If it were read—*and its contents heeded*—by those in power in government, especially in this country, it could just possibly change the history of the world.

DR. CHARLES A. WINTER,
Blue Bell, Pa.

IN MY OPINION, Theodore O. Yntema just substitutes one myth for another. Beginning with Tito, the U.S. Government and knowledgeable persons began to understand that there could be more than one brand of communism.

Mr. Yntema's plea for a change in United States policy seems to omit a fact that has not changed, i.e., Soviet Russia and China both firmly believe that their brands of communism will someday rule the world. This could perhaps be better named Russian and Chinese imperialism. But support for "wars of liberation" and for world dominance is still one of the primary aims of the Soviet Union and Mao's China.

THOMAS J. BADGER,
Kansas State Teachers College,
Emporia, Kan.

Rx for RR

I SHOULD LIKE to add to Elmo Roper's comments in "One Helluva Way to Run A Railroad" [*SR*, June 28]. Many, if not all, of the ills of the ailing rail passenger business may be traced to the fact that railroads are an old-man's game.

What the railroads need most is young blood, young investors, young chairmen of the board, young presidents, young officials who still have dreams of what could be with a little imagination and inventiveness.

BILL BENNETT,
Muskegon, Mich.

TV's Sellout

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S column "Idiots' Delight" [*SR*, June 7] strikes at the heart of what I have come to believe is the ludicrous tragedy of America's potential downfall, certainly as a democracy comprised of responsible, honest, and concerned citizens.

Others have been deploring not only the sellout to commercials of the marvelous tool that television ought to have been, but also the horror that so vast a number of viewers have become accustomed to being unable to sustain a consecutive thought, idea, or impression long enough to relate it to any other aspects of their experience. Zombiism has set in.

Seduction not only happened to television, but through television, and mainly to the innocent, and to those who might have benefited most from what it might have been. The young have gleaned what they could, but they have mistaken much of the dross for the real. What errors of judgment for future decisions does this portend? Many believe that television, having opened their eyes to some things, has told them all they need to know. Television's values become their own. Since television is amoral, if not outright cynical, what have the young derived from the frightening expenditure of hours which they have invested? Nothing of value must be the answer; much more far-reaching than too much violence, nothing of substance, nothing that can be remembered except an ever growing glossary of brand names and jingles.

Is it possible that a purposeful attack on this octopus of American life might yield results? Recent surprising successes, such as Ralph Nader's for automobile safety, suggest that there might be hope. Perhaps his help could be enlisted.

MRS. MILDRED REYNOLDS,
Hampton, Va.

Facing Up to Content

I DON'T read *SR* for a catalogue of type faces. Print it in cuneiform for all I care, but keep the quality of the content as high as before. People who nit-pick on type faces probably put ice in their beer.

K. A. KEREKES,
Tulsa, Okla.

"Let's go someplace else. It just isn't the same with the astronauts up there."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Those Under-Thirties Again

SINCE HALF the moviegoing public today falls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, it's not surprising that so many films are being made by, for, and about the younger generation. A typical and eloquent example is *Easy Rider*, written, produced, directed, and predominantly acted by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The picture, which won a prize for the Best First Film at Cannes this year, deals with hippies and grass and communal love and uncomprehending squares—and like you might guess, man, it really digs the scene.

As the film opens, Fonda and Hopper are seen selling a quantity of narcotics to a well-heeled contact at an airport near the California-Mexico border. The proceeds from this transaction are to finance their trip across the Southwest to New Orleans and the Mardi Gras. They throw away their watches—those constraining artifacts of an uptight society—and set forth on two low-slung motorbikes in search of the good life and the freedom to do their own thing. Fonda is the more articulate and clean-cut of the pair; Hopper seems almost a caricature of the long-haired, droopy-eyed, monosyllabic hippie.

Off they go, past miles and miles of fetchingly photographed scenery, with the beat of folk rock thumping on the sound track. The camera catches them sharing a midday meal with a rancher and his large family, visiting a commune of hippies in the desert, swimming in the nude with a couple of playful girls, sitting around the campfire smoking pot. Eventually they run afoul of the law by irreverently joining a small-town parade, and end up in the local jail. Their cellmate, an attractive and keenly perceptive young alcoholic lawyer (delightfully played by Jack Nicholson), manages to get them out unscathed, but the world is against them, and everything begins to run steeply downhill thereafter. When the pair finally make it to the Mardi Gras, they throw themselves into a psychedelic nightmare with two prostitutes, and at the end violent death overtakes them on the highway.

For fellows out to enjoy themselves in the wide open spaces, these two are remarkably unsuccessful. Even among their own kind in the New Mexico hippie commune, they seem ill at ease and mildly melancholy. No real gaiety here, no sense of liberation, no youthful ebullience. We are in another world altogether from the carefree optimism of those other itinerant Americans in *It Happened One Night*. But this is 1969, not 1934, and Fonda and Hopper evidently intend the gentle hippies they portray to stand for that entire sector of contemporary youth who want only to love and to live their own lives—and who are constantly being thwarted by an abrasive, corrupt, and intolerant society. The message is expounded with caustic conviction and a good deal of lyrical beauty. Even so, I found it difficult to work up much sympathy for these two cheerless riders. But perhaps I'm hopelessly out of tune. Certainly the under-thirties at the screening I attended seemed persuaded of the movie's truthfulness.

"The Judge Crater file is missing."

That some of the old good humor can still be tapped is compellingly demonstrated in *A Nice Girl Like Me*, a sunny comedy based on Anne Piper's novel *Marry at Leisure*. It stars Barbara Ferris, the young British actress who cut a swath on Broadway a couple of seasons ago as the blonde gamine of *There's a Girl in My Soup*. Here she plays a foot-loose orphan who finds it exceedingly hard to say no—and who picks up babies, her own mostly, all over Europe. I confess to a special weakness for movies shot on location in Paris or Venice, and this one has abundant shots of both. The Venetian episodes are particularly handsome—unhackneyed, crisply paced, full of wide-eyed wonder—and so are the scenes back home in London, where Miss Ferris and a trusted family retainer (Harry Andrews) maintain a happily unconventional household in a classic Georgian residence overlooking the Thames.

How a young British lady of comfortable means and alert intelligence could be so heedlessly fecund in this enlightened age remains unexplained. But ours not to wonder why. Suffice it to know that the young lady likes boys and likes babies, and if the boys don't want to marry her, so much the worse for them. Despite all this apparent profligacy, it's an utterly wholesome picture, without a snigger or leer in the entire footage. Credit for this goes in equal measure to the tasteful direction of Desmond Davis (remembered for his sparkling *Girl with the Green Eyes*) and to the radiant charm of its leading lady. Barbara Ferris gives a delicious performance as the plucky, winsome orphan who savors the adventures of life without recriminations or hang-ups and who finally finds Mr. Right where she least expects. In or out of the soup, she's an enchanting actress.

Only idolaters of Zero Mostel will find much nourishment in *The Great Bank Robbery*, one of those contrived spoofs of the classic Western that goes on and on long after the joke has worn thin. Even Mostel's considerable comic art is occasionally bested by the torpid script and direction, but there are enough impish nuggets in his portrayal of a crafty bank thief masquerading as unctuous clergyman to satisfy the faithful.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Tom's Mix

SAN FRANCISCO.

TO CREATE a play for the theater by first collaborating on it with television innovators is a challenging new step for playwright Paul Foster, director Tom O'Horgan, and the La Mama Troupe. It began with Foster being invited by San Francisco's KQED Experimental Television Project to write a play that would exploit the special potentialities of video space art. The idea excited Foster, whose last play, *Tom Paine*, struck many as a passionate attempt to break away from the pretenses of both conventional theater and conventional history. The result was *The Tribe*, an unconventional saga about the discovery of America by Leif Ericson.

In *The Tribe*, Foster tried to make the characters larger than life because he felt that TV devices could push aside and enlarge the theater frame. And since a great deal of what KQED producer Brice Howard believes makes TV an exciting new medium rather than just a means of distributing a picture of a play depends upon the achievement of spontaneity, Foster came up with a three-hour script stipulating that at the beginning of each performance the actors would spin a wheel to determine which roles each would play. And the action was to be constantly interrupted by actors stepping out of character to remind us of the reality of the situation.

O'Horgan put the play into rehearsal and quickly discovered that these reminders were more trouble than they were worth. Furthermore, since the TV showing on the National Educational Television network this fall is aimed at a ninety-minute time slot, the play will have to be shortened by about 50 per cent in any case, and both the wheel-spinning and the reminders could be eliminated without damaging the rest of the script.

A short visit to rehearsals here revealed some insights into the way the La Mama Troupe works, as well as some discoveries about the ways in which TV and theater might work together most creatively.

Each rehearsal begins with actors' calisthenics. After a half-hour, O'Horgan steps in and quietly suggests creative group activities to the company. These can be as simple as asking the actors to form a circle, close their eyes, move away from the circle, and then grope their way back to a reforming of the circle. Or they can become enormously complex, with actors asked to imagine three colors, associate each with a specific sensation or vocal utterance, and to alternate between the three in some physical activity accomplished during the span of one breath.

Sometimes O'Horgan will ask the actors to extend their activity right into an improvisation that uses the

dialogue of the play. Or as the director explains it, "I try to get the actors involved in an activity difficult enough to keep their minds and bodies interested in what they are doing. Then I attach the activity to an emotionalization that has something to do with the play."

Although such procedures stimulate the free creativity of the individual actors, the creativity is practiced with a constant awareness of the needs and responses of the rest of the group. Sometimes the actors will try to mirror the improvisations of one creator, but O'Horgan will keep shifting the creator role from one actor to another.

This way of working seems to run the danger of creating activities that are too disparate and therefore tend to obscure the play. However, playwright Foster dismisses any anxiety on this point. First of all, he recognizes that as a writer he often enjoys being disparate himself.

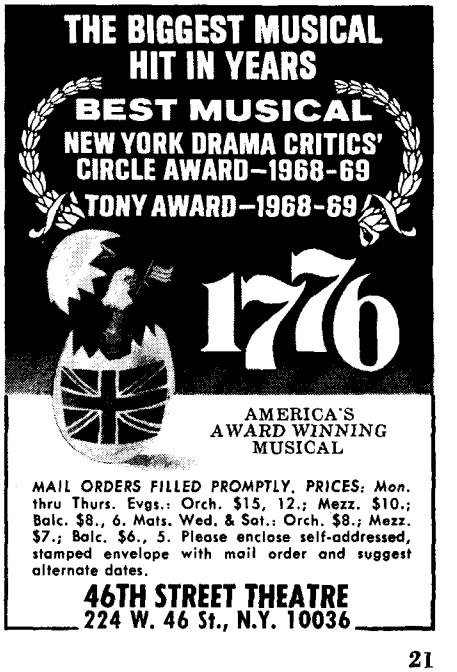
But more important is the playwright's own intuitive sense of rightness. And here Foster finds that whenever he has an impulsive reaction against a disparate invention on the ground that it doesn't do what he wants the play to do, this is usually followed by an acknowledgement that he likes it, and if he likes it, there is probably no reason why audiences wouldn't like it.

This kind of reasoning is perhaps one key to the Off Off-Broadway movement, which aims at restoring a rough-and-tumbleness to the theater that will interest audiences bored with drawing-room and library drama. And just as Off Off-Broadway is trying to break a frontier, so is experimental television.

It won't be easy, because even here troubling decisions are being made. A scene that should be played in the nude will have to be played with minimal costumes. And four-letter words must be eliminated. Producer Brice Howard abhors this, but feels he has a responsibility both to emerge with a piece of work that TV stations will be willing to telecast, and also not embarrass the sources of support for future TV experimentation. Foster's answer is, "All right, we won't use these things here. We'll use them when we do the play in the theater. But what does that say about TV?" On the other hand, Foster is not really complaining, for Howard has allowed him to retain a great deal more than would have been possible in commercial TV. Indeed, there will be a filmed sequence in which the viewer will see long shots of nude actors riding horses.

A more serious problem is currently being faced by O'Horgan. It is Howard's contention that whereas in theater space the director directs, in video-space he mixes, and in the process is spontaneously discovering reality. But after one day in the control room watching some of the vivid "chromakey" pyrotechnics contributed by the KQED artists, he is worried. He recognizes that these contributions should not overwhelm the play, and perhaps should be used no more than 10 per cent of the time. But as yet he hasn't arrived at a way of maintaining a logical connection between what he and the La Mama Troupe are doing and this imaginative technical creativity. "In films," he says, "a dissolve is interpreted by the viewer as lapse of time. But TV is different. It is a proportion of textures."

Whether O'Horgan solves all the problems of the mix is perhaps not so important in the long run. For a dialogue has been established between experimental theater pioneers and experimental TV pioneers that cannot help but benefit both.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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The author firewalking—"The rock surfaces felt like sandpaper and made my feet tingle. I saw no one. At last I had stopped reasoning!"

Bucky Fuller and the Firewalk

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER came waddling off the flight from Australia, tired, smiling, and loaded down with curios. I was as intrigued about spending four or five days with him as I was about seeing the ceremonial firewalk of Raiatea.

From the Faaa Airport in Papeete we took an inter-island DC-4 to Bora Bora, 120 miles northwest. Raiatea, the legendary homeland of early Polynesia, is only 12 miles from Bora Bora but far less developed and commercialized. Tanetoa, the priest of Raiatea, had consented to bring his firewalking troupe to Bora Bora as a favor to Fuller, a man who has contacts at some of this planet's most far-flung places. The firewalk, practiced at only four locations in the Pacific, is rarely done because the religious pressure for performing the ritual has diminished with time and sectarian adulteration.

Fuller and I had decided on taking the trip three years earlier, but it took that long to make our schedules coincide. Buckminster Fuller has one of the busiest itineraries since John Foster Dulles. We have been good friends for years. I have visited him at his geodesic-domed house in Carbondale, Illinois, participated with him on panel discussions of the World Affairs Conferences at the University of Colorado, and entertained him when he came to San Francisco. I have read all his books, listened to many of his lectures, and have come to admire his comprehensive wisdom. This, however, was the first time we had been so far removed from an academic milieu.

Bora Bora never fails to enchant. I once made a landfall there at dawn and watched in awe as the blunt-topped, toothlike volcanic mountains emerged from the morning mist, revealing the lagoon sharply stratified in three shades of blue. The hour was different now, but the sight just as spectacular. The plane put down on a sandbar, and we took a launch to the pier at Waitape. There we waited for a rickety bus to ride the few kilometers to the hotel.

For three days the firewalk was not discussed. We swam in the warm sea and talked, ate in the gigantic umbrella of a dining room and talked, walked the white beaches and talked. Fuller has the ability to make a man feel more than he is. He can distill the most complicated mathematical ideas into crisp, incisive language. He ranges over geography, history, economics, and politics, weaving gossamer patterns, but always comes back to his fundamental thesis. He radiates a simple humanity and continuing innocence.

Because Fuller believes that Utopia is within reach, he has totally committed himself to that goal. "We have about fifteen years to choose between Utopia and oblivion," he said. "If we choose the latter, we can go right on leaving our fate to political leaders. If we choose Utopia, we must get busy very fast."

We talked too about Tahitian girls, about the Maori, about people in general. Once at twilight we noticed the palm fronds and ferns dancing madly in the wind. Fuller remarked that Tahitian babies probably begin the patterns of their ethnic dances by imitating the flapping leaves. He said the Maori are water people who regard islands as holes in the water. Their ear cavities became enlarged, because they were the only orificial pocket in which one could keep little objects while in the water. He taught me to tell time by the Southern Cross, outlining the two nearby stars that form the hour hand. He separated the magic from reality, yet made reality magic.

Finally, as the day approached, we talked of the firewalk. There were questions to answer. Why was the firewalk practiced only in New Guinea, New Britain, Fiji, and Raiatea? Why was it that no Occidental had heard of the firewalk until eighty years ago? We were most curious to discover how one walks over the incandescent rocks without getting burned. There has been a long list of answers scattered over the last half-century: the firewalker is under a hypnotic trance; the firewalker smears his feet with some solution or ointment which protects him from the heat; the soles of the firewalker's feet produce a coating of sweat which cools the skin; he practices autosuggestion or heterosuggestion induced by the priest; he is very brave; his feet are heavily calloused from walking barefoot; and on.

All afternoon a strong, insistent wind, the *Maraamu*, chopped the seatop and whipped the cocoa palms into a frenzy. A distant, black cloud bank began to close in and erase the dancing shadows. The tropics without sun take

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on a melancholia which on this day was ominous. The threat of rain, visible and felt, might force Tanetoa to call off the ceremony. Here and there a coconut thudded down with a startling, dull thwack that forced my arms over my head in a ridiculous gesture of protection. I spent a few minutes in the Fare Raititi, a Polynesian recreation-library full of local artifacts, and then walked down to see the preparations.

The four corners of the fire pit had been lit at the same time; the big hardwood logs, burning briskly, were then covered with large rocks. I had thought the rocks would be flat, but they were irregular and angular, like those in American brooks. Tanetoa had planted a stalk of ti leaves at each corner. His men began to poke at the flaming logs with poles of giant hibiscus, trying to arrange a bed of glowing embers beneath. The crew was dressed in white shorts, which did not diminish the mystic atmosphere. I walked away, restless, resenting the delay, sorry that I wasn't sleepy. Fuller was snoozing.

We were served a great dinner on a flat, shelflike patio from which the sea was a cinerama screen. Fuller didn't eat very much, because he had decided to diet. I didn't eat very much either. I was toying with the idea of making the firewalk.

The tropical sun sets rapidly. On the horizon it looks like a giant orange dropping into a vast pool of blue-black oil. Then it is dark—as dark as it will be unless the moon takes over. We passed by the firebed; the area now resembled a theater in rehearsal. The men were polling out the last few solid pieces of wood. They pounded the rocks to make them steady so that the walkers would not trip and be roasted on the embers. Then they swept the surface with large pandanus leaves. All the top-lying cinders had to be swept off. The cinder bed was white-hot, and the bottom two-thirds of the rocks were beginning to show a constant, ruddy blush.

There was a group of people, islanders and visitors, milling gently about. The firebed was an orange ruby, darkly radiant. There was instant mystery. Someone tossed a coconut leaf onto the rocks; it flared into flame and quickly shriveled. After a sudden admonitory shushing, the crowd became silent.

Tanetoa limped up to the head of the firebed. He was wearing white shorts and a white cotton hat, and carrying a cane in one hand and a ti plant in the other. He began to murmur a prayer. As he did, the silence which had been disturbed by the wind song became pure. The clouds picked that moment to separate, revealing an enormous moon which shone so brightly the color of the water and the sea floor beneath were clearly visible. Tanetoa had *mana* (magic); he didn't need a costume.

In the distance, the wavering light of bamboo pitch torches signaled a procession. Six Tahitian males wearing grass skirts, and six Tahitian females wearing grass skirts over *pareus*, moved in two solemn columns into the arena. The raised torches, the ti fronds, and the silent, dignified movement created a palpable spell. The participants gathered according to gender on opposite sides of the fire and sat down. A pleasant tension pervaded, as involvement unified us all. Lost in the spirituality, my own cultural restrictions loosened. I could make no predictions. I could only react.

Tanetoa said a short Christian prayer, and then, waving his ti stalk, he looked upward and prayed in Tahitian—a prayer asking for the favor of the gods of the wind, the trees, the water, and the plants. He called upon a special goddess to hover protectively over the firewalk.

The walk began. The couples stepped onto the rocks. They moved rhythmically and confidently, keeping their feet flat against the rocks. There was no special path. There was no sign of pain. As they stepped off the firebed, they resumed their former positions. They seemed serene and composed.

After a silent pause, the priest turned toward us. He welcomed Fuller and me, and the other visitors. With much grace, he invited us to join in the ceremony. There was no implication of challenge or expectancy—simply an offer of hospitality and religiosity. For a moment, no one said anything.

I suddenly found myself reaching down to take off my sneakers and socks. Some lingering remnant of my own culture led me absently to put on my glasses. Tanetoa greeted me, blessed me, and I felt myself grasping the palm of one of the initiates as he helped me step onto the firebed. From my legs up, I was aware of a frighteningly intense, though bearable, heat; my legs and feet felt cold. I moved along steadily, looking down, unaware of any special pathway. Unluckily, about a third of the way across, I stepped on a hot cinder which the sweepers had missed. I raised my foot instinctively and felt a momentary burning pain under my arch. I kept on, step by step. The rock surfaces felt like sandpaper and made my feet tingle. I saw no one. At last I had stopped reasoning! I stepped off as if awakening from sleep; then I recognized Fuller. "Bring me some water," I said, "and I'll turn it into wine!"

It was after the Tahitians thanked me for participating that I realized I was burned. I had felt very little for ten or fifteen minutes, but now the pain was severe. My foot was a mottled, moist gray-brown in the center of the sole. I was taken to the clinic in Waitape. It turned out to be a little shack barely lit by a carbon-arc lamp that sputtered shadows over the walls. The nurse washed my burns tenderly and covered them with a soothing ointment. Somehow she knew just how long the pain would last. She spoke sweetly and with much confidence, tapping the trials and errors of her own and of her forebears. I decided not to tell her I was a surgeon.

The next night the whole population turned out in native dress and sang the *himene*, Tahitian responsive singing, and danced the ceremonial *otea*. Fuller got up and did a flamenco dance, full of rhythm and joy, and it touched the islanders' hearts. I entertained with ventriloquy, proud that my dummy talked French, until I learned that most of the group spoke only Tahitian. When I shifted into my meager Tahitian, they laughed at every word. They kissed us and bedecked us with shell necklaces, and Fuller made a simple, loving farewell speech. It all must have resembled a 1937 South Seas movie travelogue, but none of us, I am sure, was acting. —G. M. FEIGEN.

Surgeon, writer, lecturer, G. M. Feigen moves about the world as often and as long as he can manage to stay away from San Francisco, his home.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Wonder from Württemburg

–Hannes Kilian.

Susanne Hanke as Juliet in Cranko's full-length work for the Stuttgart Ballet—"wonder from Württemburg."

I TOLD YOU SO is, unquestionably, the most irritating expression (incorporating, as it does, smugness) in the English tongue. But one would be less than human if he did not relish vindication. When I was sent, by *SR*, in May to Germany to see the Stuttgart Ballet before its U.S. debut, I expected to find a very good ballet troupe, but I did not expect to be bowled over. I was. My reviews from Stuttgart (*SR*, May 31, June 7) might easily have led the balletomane to wonder whether I was babbling from one glass of beer too many. The Stuttgart Ballet, directed by John Cranko, has now completed its three-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House—it will be back for a coast-to-coast tour this fall—and it left the general public, balletomanes, and impossibly critical American dancers also babbling. I won't use that irritating expression, but may I be forgiven if I murmur "vindicated"?

The Stuttgart Ballet is not, numerically speaking, very big. We have seen larger companies from Russia, Denmark, Great Britain, Canada; but it filled the Met with artistry and showmanship, with superb dancing, with the genius of Cranko—whose choreography puts him in the company of Robbins, Ashton, de Mille, Balanchine; and whose direction, so firm, so tender, so ensorcelling, defines him as another Diaghilev or Kirstein.

There is no need to discuss the repertory again—on tour, this autumn, the country will see Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Eugene Onegin* and, in a very few cities, *The Taming of the Shrew* (production problems)—but I simply want to note that ushers at the Met had to dash down the aisles at the end of a performance, as they did for Fonteyn and Nureyev, to keep the fans from causing a traffic jam or tumbling into the orchestra pit; that Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun, like Fonteyn and Nureyev, and Bruhn and Fracci, were referred to in awed tones as "them"; that the chic social set joined with today's ballet experts and yesterday's ballet artists to adore the new troupe. For example, Eugenia Delarova—remember her as the sexy flower-seller in the Ballet Russe's *Gaîté Parisienne*?—was present at almost every performance; and one of the great ballerinas of the past, Vera Nemtchinova, could be heard almost daily ticking off five *prima ballerinas*, starting with Pavlova and ending with Haydée. In Mme. Nemtchinova's mind, there *were* only five ballerinas in the last seventy years.

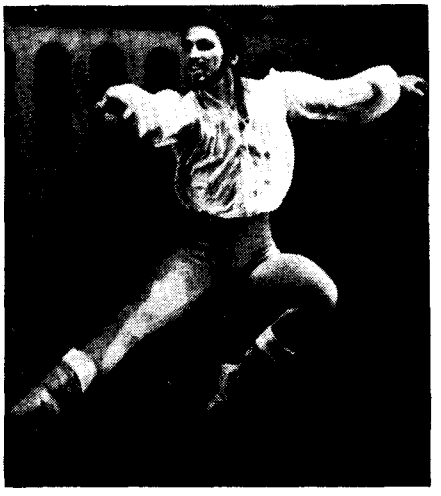
S. Hurok, who imported the Stuttgart Ballet to America, knew what he was doing. In a small German city—and every German city has its opera and its opera ballet—a great ballet company, of world-wide potential, was found. However, what looked good in Stuttgart's adorable old theater might not look so well in America. But it did. Its U.S. debut was as electrifying as that of Britain's Royal Ballet twenty years before. At the start, no one could quite believe it. The box-office sales were hardly startling. Swiftly, the word got around that here was something special, and the lines of theatergoers, balletomanes, and dancers took form.

At first, perhaps, it seemed that Haydée from Brazil and Cragun from the United States were the magnets, but then other principals were seen and it was soon apparent that the Stuttgart Ballet did not depend upon any individual.

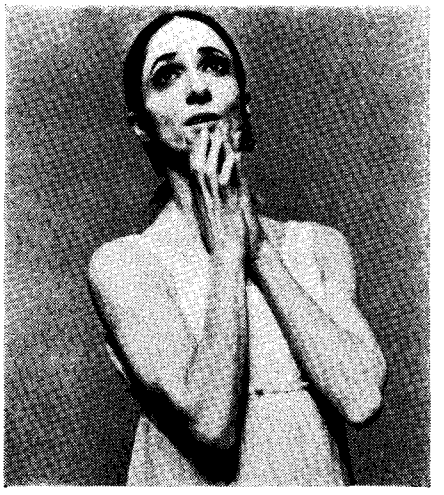
There are, possibly, several explanations for the marvel that is the Stuttgart Ballet, a company with a style quite different from that of any dance troupe in the world, a company that channels impeccable dance schooling into vivid theater, a company in which, miraculously, there are no rivals but only colleagues.

The chief explanation for this wonder from Württemburg is, of course, Cranko himself. As a choreographer, he is unmistakably a genius, but he is also an alchemist who has made, in a comparatively small, quiet German city, a ballet company of such beauty and force that it has literally shaken, on its first explosive success in New York, the entire world of dance. It is easy for most of us to join Mme. Nemtchinova in counting on the fingers of one hand the ballet miracles we have experienced and finding that the Stuttgart Ballet is one of them.

Not even Cranko himself can conceive of what has happened. "I guess I think I'm dreaming," he says. "And so I'm just waiting to get back to Stuttgart where I can read about what happened in New York. Then, maybe, I'll start to believe it." But what has happened to this German-based, international company with its British director is now history, for the Stuttgart Ballet need bow to no one in the highly competitive dance profession. I wouldn't presume to say "I told you so," . . . *but I did.*



Richard Cragun—an American star in a German company.



Marcia Haydée—is she the finest ballerina of today?

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An essay review of "You Must Know Everything: Stories 1915-1937," by Isaac Babel, translated from the Russian by Max Hayward (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 283 pp., $5.95)

A Poignant Polarity

by CURT LEVIANT

With the appearance of Isaac Babel's *Collected Stories* in 1955 a new generation of English-speaking readers was introduced to one of the most brilliant of Soviet writers. Subsequent reports that the author had died in a Soviet concentration camp strengthened the sense of finality that always surrounds such a title. Yet, to our surprise and pleasure, over the years "new stories by I. Babel" were discovered and published in England, the United States, and ultimately Soviet Russia.

Born in Odessa in 1894, Babel attended that city's commercial high school, but was unable to gain admission to the university because of the Jewish quota. He also studied Hebrew, Bible and Talmud until he was sixteen. A protégé of the great Maxim Gorky, Babel first began publishing in 1916, gained fame overnight with the publication of *Red Cavalry* in 1925, then fell victim to the increasingly repressive measures of the Stalin régime. He was arrested in 1939, and, although his official death certificate is dated March 17, 1941, his daughter Nathalie asserts in an introduction to his collected letters that Babel may have been shot immediately after his arrest. In 1957 he was officially rehabilitated in the Soviet Union, and his collected works were reissued, with Ilya Ehrenburg as editor.

Since 1957 a number of additional writings by Babel have appeared in periodicals and in book form. In 1964 his devoted daughter, now living in New York, issued *The Lonely Years: 1925-1939*, a collection of stories and letters; that same year a Soviet literary magazine published eight of Babel's stories and some fifty letters, and in 1966 two greatly expanded editions of Babel's collected works appeared in Russia, containing stories, plays, letters, and miscellaneous pieces. His final reacceptance into the mainstream of Soviet literature was confirmed when a chapter was devoted to him in the enlarged second edition of the *History of Soviet Literature* (1967).

As with the works of many writers who belong to a minority culture but write in the language of the majority, there is inherent in Isaac Babel's stories the tension of the man who clings simultaneously to the ethos of the majority *and* of the minority, even when they are in conflict. In the Soviet Union this calls for caution and perspicuity, and perhaps even conscious ambiguity, especially if the minority is Jewish. This fence-straddling is readily apparent in Babel's short stories.

The fictional persona in his stories (perhaps Babel himself, perhaps not: the crucible of art has subsumed autobiography) is a man who is buttressed by Jewish skepticism and critical, robust humor; yet at the same time he is an active son of the Revolution. Occasionally the persona-narrator switches roles, from soul-searching idealist to camera lens objectively recording violence. The interplay of these two, replete with irony and covert jabs at Soviet life, gives both potency and poignancy to his work.

Babel's central themes are childhood, war, and life in Odessa. The stories of his early years, his portrait of the artist as a young Jew, may be considered true artistically if not autobiographically. In a letter written in 1931 Babel states: "The subjects of the stories are all taken from my childhood but, of course, there is much that has been made up and changed." These stories depict the reactions of a sensi-

CURT LEVIANT edited the recently published Sholom Aleichem anthology, *Some Laughter, Some Tears.*

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tive boy to the torments of a pogrom, as well as to his developing awareness of the outside world.

One of them, "The Story of My Dovecot" (*Collected Stories*, 1955), opens with the difficulties experienced by a Jewish lad in gaining admission to a *gymnasium* and ends when his pet pigeon is smashed against his skull at the height of the pogrom. Another tale, "Awakening," shows how the youngster learns about the world of nature. Skipping his violin lessons, he roams the waterfront and befriends an old man who, noting that the youth cannot name any tree, flower or bird, undertakes to instruct him. Young Babel is told that he must become acquainted with nature before he can write. A typical Jewish child, Babel was more at home with the ancient sages than in the world around him. "In my childhood," he writes, "chained to the *Gemara* [Talmud], I had led the life of a sage. When I grew up, I started climbing trees."

Like the works of all good artists, the stories contain multilevel nuances. As with the doubletalk developed by Babel and other Russians when they spoke publicly of the régime or of Soviet literature, each word contained a thousand pictures. This is especially true in *Red Cavalry*, tales of the Cossacks on the Polish front, where an additional motif is discovered: the bespectacled narrator's efforts to become a member of a group whose values are alien to his. Babel among the Cossacks was (as Kafka once said of himself) triply alienated: a Jew amid gentiles, an intellectual amid boors, and a bourgeois amid peasants; and all these contradictions are mirrored in the seemingly objective and often brutal war stories. But the objectivity of Babel's prose, despite its intense, almost intoxicating lyricism, is deceptive. It is up to the alert reader to penetrate the hidden layers. Compare, for instance, "A Letter" and "Gedali," both contained in the 1955 collection. In the first story Vasily, an illiterate soldier in the Red army, has the narrator write a letter for him to his mother. He asks her to take care of his horse, describes the country and its grain, then casually relates how he and his father, who was fighting with the anti-Bolshevik forces, cut up Vasily's brother Theo. Later he tells how his other brother, Simon, finished off his father. The letter concludes with a reminder about the horse.

The brilliant sketch "Gedali" can serve as the focal point for the polarity between Babel the sensitive Jew and Babel the revolutionary. One Friday evening the narrator, remembering Sabbath eves long past with their candles and sacred texts, visits the pious Gedali, who wants the best of both worlds: "The Revolution—we will say 'yes' to it, but are we to say 'no' to the Sabbath?"

Gedali acquiesces to the revolution, but he will not give up his Judaism. With a combination of Greek logic and Talmudic reasoning, he infers that although the revolution is good, bad men are leading it: "Good men do good deeds. The Revolution is the good deed of good men. But good men do not kill. So it is bad people that are making the Revolution." Gedali knows the *Internationale*, but, like a prophet of old, wants "an Internationale of good people."

These two stories represent the poles of Babel's literary metaphysics. And it is their corruscating interplay that contains the core of Babel's art—the art the Soviet régime had to silence.

Evidence of Babel's attitude toward his craft is scattered throughout his stories, letters, interviews, and the memoirs of his contemporaries. They all point to an artist whose standards were exacting and severe. In his famed "Guy de Maupassant," a story about a young writer who is helping a matron translate the French master's tales into Russian, the hero-narrator declares: "When a sentence is born, it is good and bad at the same time. The secret is to give it the right twist—a scarcely perceptible one. The lever must rest in your hand and get warm. Then you must turn it the right way—only once, not twice." And: "I began to speak of style, of the army of words, of the army in which all kinds of weapons may come into play. No iron can stab the heart with such force as a period put just at the right place." In the appendix to the present volume Konstantin Paustovsky notes that Babel "wrote slowly and always put off handing in his manuscripts. He lived in a constant panic at the thought of words that could no longer be altered, and he was always trying to gain time—just a few more days, or even hours—so that he could sit over his manuscript a little longer and go on polishing, with no one pressing him or getting in his way." And Ilya Ehrenburg recalls: "Writing was sheer agony for him, and he would rewrite the same page dozens of times. It often took him a day to do a quarter of a page, and even at the best of times he could only manage half a page."

Isaac Babel: "No iron can stab the heart with such force as a period put just at the right place."

It is in the light of this that we should read *You Must Know Everything*, translated by Max Hayward and edited by Nathalie Babel. In these stories we are once again immersed in the special world of *Red Cavalry* and *Tales from Odessa*. Here too is that unique combination of passion and verbal precision, that same confident sense of craft and esthetic dedication. Reading these stories is like encountering old friends, for many sketches have mirror images in those previously published. Whether parallel or antipodal, they offer a fascinating glimpse into an artist's literary atélier.

The title story, written in 1915, focuses on Babel's Jewish boyhood in Odessa; it brings to mind the violin lessons we read about in "Awakening" (1930) and the members of Babel's family portrayed in other stories. In this sketch the twenty-one-year-old Babel had already outlined the literary path he was to follow: keen observation, highlighted detail, and swift characterization. In four concentrated lines we sense the austere grandmother and the unmanned violin teacher:

> [The teacher] felt very out of place in this remote room, in the presence of the peacefully sleeping dog and the frosty old woman sitting in the corner. At last he took his leave. Grandmother coldly gave him her large leathery and wrinkled hand, but she made not the slightest movement with it. As he left, he bumped into a chair.

The scene changes in "On the Field of Honor" and "The Deserter." Published in 1920, they are adaptations of selections from a florid, bombastic World War I journal by a French captain, Gaston Vidal, published in 1918.

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They tell of a French village idiot who refuses to fight and is shot, and of a deserter who is executed by a polite, considerate commanding officer.

"The Quaker" with its tension between a pacifist and a sadist can vie with the best of the *Red Cavalry* tales. It has its parallel in the *Red Cavalry*, where the narrator cannot bring himself to shoot a mortally wounded soldier who in his agony is begging to be killed. "You guys in specs," says another soldier, "have as much pity for chaps like us as a cat has for a mouse."

The centrality of violence in Babel is manifest in this collection, too, especially in the war stories. The perpetual struggle within him between the values of his Jewish upbringing and the code of war is nowhere more apparent than in "And Then There Were None," which is a more subjective, more impassioned treatment of the execution of Polish prisoners than the later version, "Squadron Commander Trunov," found in the 1955 *Collected Stories*.

One of the most delightful pieces is "Shabos Nahamu," which concerns the legendary Jewish wit, pauper and trickster Hershele Ostropoler. It is a comic tale worthy of Sholom Aleichem (Babel, incidentally, edited a Russian edition of Sholom Aleichem's works in the 1920s). Hershele goes out hunting for a meal and, by a series of inspired bluffs, succeeds in passing himself off as a heavenly messenger to a simple-minded housewife and, later, her equally simple husband.

Other pieces can be mentioned that reflect those in the *Collected Stories*. "Odessa" pleads for sunlight in Russian literature, as opposed to Dostoevskeyan gloom—the kind of light-heartedness found in Babel's comic tales of the Jewish gangster Benya Krik. "Inspiration," which tells of a bad writer who reads his story to Babel, recalls once more "Guy de Maupassant" with its guidelines for proper writing.

This volume, with its appended interview with Babel and reminiscences by four friends who lovingly recreate the man and the artist, expands our knowledge of one of the masters of twentieth-century fiction.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Outrageously Scrambled

MILLER WILLIAMS obviously intended to include a poem of mine, "The Outrageously Blessed," in his pleasant review of my collection *The Company of Children* [*SR*, June 14], but your wry typesetter—probably unable to resist the temptation offered by the poem's praise of "confusion" and its claim that among the "maddening exceptions" we cherish are "lines that need not scan"—managed not only to alter punctuation and diction, but to scramble the whole thing into incomprehensible *prose*! Dear Typesetter, the lines may not need to scan, but they'd love to be allowed to *swing* a little. The poem in its form as a poem appears below.

THE OUTRAGEOUSLY BLESSED

The gods would have us chastened through confusion,
so those who tempt the skies' outrage are blessed.
Though Zeus might be a cupboy for the thanks he gets
from these,
the pretty boys who'd fall asleep
disputing with slow Socrates,
they're still the ones who catch the key equations
and laugh to straw the schoolmen and the schools;
they win the game by changing all the rules.

Small comfort to the sane, who do their best,
to find we cherish maddening exceptions:
the lines that need not scan; the gulfs in nature;
the odds and irritants our cosmic oyster cannot digest
as the pearl grows precious in its queer success.

BARRY SPACKS,
Wellesley, Mass.

Back to the Dark Ages?

I AM HORRIFIED that Haskel Frankel [*SR*, June 14] should take seriously a practitioner of that hoary superstition, astrology.

In the name of all common sense, what is happening to us? Are we going back to the Dark Ages?

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD,
San Francisco, Calif.

More Light

AS I READ HASKEL FRANKEL'S account of the party celebrating publication of *The Homosexual Handbook* [*SR*, June 14] my fun was tempered somewhat by what I considered his feeling it necessary to point out that he went but reluctantly, isn't really . . . ugh! . . . one of them, etc.

If anything matches the pathology involved in the sufferers' situation (yeah, I know, boys, you're actually a superior, gifted, distinguished group, unlike us vulgarly normal louts), it is the way their affliction manages to disconcert the rest of us. Thus, I'm not sure I could've written a less apologetic report than did Frankel, had I been in his place. Tradition has made it virtually impossible for the heterosexual male to evince even a slight interest in the subject without defensively emphasizing where he truly stands. The remedy, to be sure, is more and more light, leading to maximal objectivity.

JOSEPH GANCHER,
Albany, N.Y.

Peripatetic Recluse

ROLLENE W. SAAL, in her Pick of the Paperbacks for May 31, makes the statement that Anaïs Nin, whose *Diary I* was recently published in paperback, "more recently has lived as a semi-recluse in Greenwich Village." Is Miss Saal perhaps thinking of another "somewhat mysterious literary figure," namely Djuna Barnes, the author of *Nightwood*?

Miss Nin has been anything but a recluse, dividing her time between California, New York and Europe, appearing on numerous college campuses, writer's workshops, on TV and radio, autographing parties, *et al.* As a matter of fact, I sometimes have trouble keeping up with her itinerary.

GUNTHER STUHLMANN,
New York, N.Y.

No Stolen Thunder

WE WERE DELIGHTED TO SEE *A Manual of Style* so handsomely reviewed in David Glixon's round-up of reference books, [*SR*, May 17]. Morris Philipson, however, although honored to be referred to as its editor, does not wish to steal the thunder from his own manuscript editing staff. Members of this staff, present and former, a few people from other presses, contributed materially and "persons too numerous to mention by name" contributed suggestions. The title page leaves the editorship in discreet anonymity and the people chiefly involved are mentioned in the preface.

DOROTHY B. SUTHERLAND,
The University of Chicago Press,
Chicago, Ill.

Posthumous Declaration

IF, AS GAY WILSON ALLEN STATES in his review of *Thomas Wolfe's Albatross* [*SR*, June 21], Mr. Wolfe declared anything in 1940, the novelist must have said: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead." Although his last two novels were published posthumously, Wolfe died September 15, 1938.

E. CLAY RANDOLPH,
Gainesville, Tex.

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Humanist Wedges to Learning

by DAVID DEMPSEY

Once W. H. Auden remarked that while he didn't think college was a good place to learn to write, it was a wonderful place to learn to read. Books are the "software" in an educational process that is becoming increasingly "hardened" by audio-visual aids, teaching machines, field work and the retrieval of computerized information—a far cry from Mark Hopkins on one end of a bench and the student on the other. And, although in a technological society both approaches to knowledge are necessary, books, to me, remain the humanist wedge to learning: a man has written them. Machines are made largely by other machines. Has anyone ever said, "How well I remember the slide transparency that changed my life?" Or, "I'm saving all the old punch cards that helped me through Business Adm. II"? People don't collect teaching aids or computer tapes. They collect books.

Lest anyone think that books are going out of fashion—the McLuhan legend to the contrary—let him ponder the listings in the forthcoming *Books in Print*. The total is 275,000, a whopping 45 per cent increase over 1966. I don't suppose any figures exist for out-of-print books; but one can get some idea from the number of volumes catalogued in the Library of Congress.

There is a difference, of course, between a public and a personal library. The latter serves a specific interest; it is manageable, and if the owner is a serious collector he will have read most of his books. It was in this spirit that the Amy Loveman Award was established eight years ago "for the best personal library collected by an undergraduate student attending a four-year college or university in the United States." Sponsored by the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Women's National Book Association, and *SR*, the 1969 competition drew entries from forty-three colleges in twenty-two states. Students must have won a local award to be eligible, and they are required to write a commentary on "how, why and when" they became interested in collecting. An annotated bibliography describing at least thirty-five titles completes the assignment. This year the judges added a third Honorable Mention ($200) to the two awarded in previous years. First prize is $1,000. Even today, that buys a lot of books.

The winner was Jerrold G. Stanoff, a student at the University of California at Los Angeles, whose commentary on "Lafcadio Hearn: The Man and His Literature" introduces a 600-volume collection of Japanese and Chinese literature, history, mythology and folklore.

Like many good collections, this one began as a hobby and continued as something of an obsession. (The winner is still trying to locate such scarce Hearn items as a Creole cookbook and a set of *Ye Giglampz*, a journal of art and satire put out by Hearn long before he went to Japan.) It all started when Mr. Stanoff was a student in Tokyo; research on Hearn at the university there was supplemented by visits to the author's residence in Matsue City (now a museum) and correspondence with other Hearnophiles throughout Europe and Asia. This library (many of the volumes are first editions) serves both as a source of personal pleasure and an instrument of professional success. "As a student in the Department of Oriental Languages at UCLA majoring in Japanese literature," he says, "I have found that Hearn's writings have given me an excellent overview of Japan and the Japanese character."

Of the three Honorable Mentions, one is a man's triumph and two are women's. Mr. Kent Wells, a junior at Duke University, is proof that a winning collection need not be large. Built around the theory of evolution as it developed between 1700 and 1900, it consists of no more than 175 volumes, and ever fewer titles (145). Indeed, the problem with such a vast subject is not so much what to include but what to leave out. Mr. Wells's collection certainly meets the test of selectivity.

Equally important for research purposes is its contemporaneous nature. The books were not written from a retrospective viewpoint, but are the seminal works that created the controversy and eventually established the theory as valid. Eighty per cent of Mr. Wells's library consists of out-of-print items, "and a substantial number were published prior to 1860."

They were not easy to find, and the volumes still being sought are even scarcer. "I hope," this student adds, "that my library will never really be complete . . . much of the joy of collecting is in the search for that one choice volume which may turn up at any time in some old barn or attic."

Both Mr. Stanoff's and Mr. Wells's books are, in a sense, career-oriented; they will "pay dividends" later on. Not every good collection need do this. The two women whose entries won Honorable Mentions are prodigal collectors; both have discovered that books are intimately connected with the process of self-realization, and neither stresses scholarship as such. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Miss Susan Sherman, a student at Sarah Lawrence, has immersed herself in the whole of Western literature; she is what used to be called a "cultured person." Mrs. Betty Ann Bush, from the University of Kansas, is the first Negro to win an Amy Loveman Award, and for her the culture that matters is that of her people. Both women have used books as integrative tools in their search for that elusive idea, identity; but in Mrs. Bush's case this coincides with an ethnic trend.

Miss Sherman's quest is less focused. "My library, which started out in so many directions, out of so many diverse interests and impulses," she writes, "is now somehow really whole for me, with everything related to what I love, or what I know, or what I want to know, or times I have lived through. Some [books] I have read very well . . . some not at all. But I know what is in each and why I got it." What collector can say more?

The intriguing thing about Mrs. Bush's library is that it was inspired by her discovery of Ayn Rand. This led to an interest in the existentialists, and "through existentialism, and personal experience, I became aware of social problems that I had previously ignored: alienation and racism. . . . In the midst of reading Fromm, Camus, Colin Wilson, Keniston, and others it was abruptly brought to my attention that I was Black and that my attempt to be colorless was an evasion of reality."

Mrs. Bush has since made up for lost time. Intellectually at least she is now part of the Black Revolution, and she has "almost reached the point where I will be able to concentrate on books other than those concerned with Black people." Hers is a "committed" library as, in a sense, all good collections are; an individual's rather solitary response to what challenges him. I don't think educational hardware could ever make this happen.

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Foreign Policy

ABM: An Evaluation of the Decision to Deploy an Antiballistic Missile System

edited by Abram Chayes and Jerome B. Wiesner

Harper & Row, 281 pp., $5.95

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I was nearing the end of a lecture on America's rejection of the League of Nations when an undergraduate asked a question I had never heard expressed. "How come," he began, "so much of the League literature—especially articles by those outside the government—is superficial, based on misinformation, contains irrelevant arguments, and flagrantly distorts the record?" In reply, I suggested that not infrequently when this country becomes deeply involved in a foreign policy issue of monumental importance, such factors as party politics, personal animosities, faulty leadership, and a grim determination to prevail without excessive regard to the facts all combine to inhibit rational and enlightened public discussion.

I recalled my off-the-cuff comment several times in recent weeks as I read about the decision of the Nixon Administration to deploy a thin antiballistic missile system, the so-called Safeguard program. In terms of possible harmful military and political consequences, the ABM issue is as crucial a decision as our rejection of the League. Published material on the subject already shows signs of becoming significantly less informative and erudite.

On June 13, to cite an instance, a full-page advertisement by the Citizens Committee for Peace with Security in *The New York Times* announced that "Eighty-four per cent of all Americans support an ABM system." What was particularly irritating was the glibness of the Citizens Committee's description of both the operational features of the Safeguard system and the present Russian ABM capabilities. "In case of enemy attack, our radar would spot the incoming missiles and our ABMs would be launched to seek them out and explode them high in the atmosphere . . ." This gross oversimplifications of how the Spartan missiles would operate and the implication of a sure kill in every instance was followed by another highly questionable assertion: "Since the Russians already have deployed their own ABM system—giving protection to their strike force—it would seem suicidal for the U.S. not to start on a system at once!"

Unless we are willing to be influenced by fribble, there is a great need for an accurate assessment of the Safeguard system and the wisdom of its deployment. Abram Chayes and Jerome B. Wiesner have provided us with such a study. Sponsored by Senator Edward Kennedy, *ABM* is a collection of essays that painstakingly analyze all the reasons why the decision of the Nixon Administration is illogical and may well accelerate the nuclear arms competition between this country and the Soviet Union. Written by seventeen distinguished leaders of our scientific, academic, and diplomatic communities, the book is an informative and readable primer for those untutored in nuclear science and technology. It is also an extremely sophisticated discussion of deterrent strategy and the various considerations influencing defense policy.

Factual information about nuclear weaponry is liberally supplied by the authors, much of it not previously known to me. It had escaped my attention, for example, that the Pentagon does not plan to provide the ABM missiles with fail-safe or destruct devices. Or that the computers necessary to keep the radar and other components of the system functional will require an estimated ten million instructions, but that the current upper limit to the rate of production of complex integrated instructions may only be in the neighborhood of 10,000 to 20,000 per month. Finally, if the Soviets deploy their S-99 liquid fuel missiles at the present rate, it will take eight years for them to acquire the minimum two-to-one superiority over our Minuteman force, assuming our force remains at its present level.

ABM centers on the strategic, technical, and diplomatic reasons why the Administration should delay deployment until there is greater assurance that the system will perform its assigned role. It is not that the authors are unalterably opposed to an American antiballistic missile system; but they argue that going ahead with it at the present time is over-reacting to recent Soviet nuclear advances and underestimating the multifold problems associated with deployment. The gravamen of their charge is that the United States currently has a four-to-one superiority over Russia in nuclear weapons, and this impressive advantage provides sufficient second-strike destructive power to insure the continuation of our policy of deterrence until the technical questions about the infallibility of the proposed system and the Soviets' intentions have been resolved.

Expressed in figures, American military commanders currently have at a minimum an arsenal of 4,200 nuclear weapons. If the most pessimistic prophecies of the Defense Department concerning the success of a Soviet surprise attack on this country in 1975 are realized, and if the worst consequences to our installations and facilities are projected, we would still be left with over 300 megatons of nuclear weapons with which to retaliate. Such a retaliatory blow, the equivalent of 15,000 Hiroshima bombs, would be exclusive of an even greater tonnage of atomic and hydrogen bombs carried to their targets by our SAC bomber fleet.

If at a later date the Soviet first-strike potential requires this country to inaugurate additional defensive measures to insure our safety, there are a number of responses the authors

"We'll be right back after a word from our sponsor to see who gets the last word."

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of *ABM* favor. They are less expensive than an antiballistic missile system, are of established technological feasibility, and would not jeopardize the success of the Non-Proliferation Treaty. These include greater hardening of the existing ICBM sites, increased use of SAC planes for airborne alert missions, and even doubling the size of our missile arsenal. It is perhaps worthwhile to point out that the proposed ABM system is so incredibly expensive and complex that the cost of duplicating our current ICBM force or the entire Polaris fleet is on the order of five billion dollars, while that of producing a workable ABM system must be measured in tens of billions of dollars.

In my opinion the authors did dismiss one aspect of the world's political situation that could greatly influence our need for an ABM system. Events in Central Asia are moving fast, but they indicate a worsening relationship between the Soviet Union and China. Given the serious nature of the border questions in the Sinkiang regions and the Maritime Province area, I expect the Russians will soon have to deploy or re-target a significant portion of their nuclear weapons arsenal against the Chinese. Any rescheduling of this type should lessen our need for the ABM system, and I regret that some evaluation of this shift in power was not offered in this study.

Those who exercise political power do occasionally admit that policy decisions they reached were not wise and caused unexpected and unpleasant consequences for the country. After he retired from the Presidency, Harry S. Truman acknowledged that his termination of Lend-Lease abruptly in early 1945 was an error, which he attributed to his inexperience in evaluating the recommendations of White House experts. Likewise, President Kennedy during the first three months of his tenure in office went along with plans for the Bay of Pigs invasion because he accepted the recommendations of the CIA and Pentagon officers too unquestioningly. President Nixon in the initial weeks of his term has reached a decision that needs reconsideration. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that he will experience a change of opinion about the need to deploy the Safeguard system. If so, it may be because non-governmental studies like *ABM*, marshalling arguments against the administration's decision so forcefully, have given us additional time to work out a nuclear détente with the Russians.

Joel Larus

Joel Larus is professor of politics at New York University and the author of "Nuclear Weapons Safety and the Common Defense."

THE PROFESSIONAL DIPLOMAT

by John Ensor Harr

Princeton University Press, 366 pp., $11.50

JOHN ENSOR HARR'S BOOK is a detailed study of the efforts since the close of World War II to reform the State Department and the Foreign Service. *The Professional Diplomat*, which also scrutinizes women who serve our country around the world and in Washington, tells in conclusion what is necessary to create a "modern diplomacy" attuned to the needs and problems of the last quarter of the twentieth century.

In 1962 Mr. Harr served as a staff member of the Commission on Foreign Affairs Personnel and later for four years was director of the Office of Management Planning in the State Department. He is obviously well-qualified to discuss the various reorganization plans of the past decade for he has been intimately concerned with many of them, and he includes an exhaustive bibliography on the subject. His discussion of the typical Foreign Service officer and his changing role and character during the postwar years is, on the whole, objective; the Foreign Service officer comes out with much better marks than might have been expected by those of my former colleagues who at times seem to feel that no one can really understand the Foreign Service who has not been a part of it. Certainly, we who came into the Service some forty years ago will find much in this book to question and criticize but, if we too try to be objective, we will have to admit that much of it also has validity and relevance for today's professional diplomat.

Mr. Harr is critical of the traditional State Department and Foreign Service tendency to concentrate on and separate policy from tangential overseas activities, which are left to "the lesser breeds" who flocked into the foreign relations field during and since the Second World War. We who have served in embassies with large USIS and AID staffs will be inclined to agree with Mr. Harr.

The mushrooming of new functions in the postwar foreign relations field has necessitated greater management expertise than ever before, and it is in this respect that Mr. Harr believes the State Department and the Foreign Service have been most deficient. The professional diplomat of the 1970s will no longer, in Mr. Harr's opinion, be able to confine himself to the established tasks of reporting, negotiation and representation but will also have to manage a spectrum of informational, economic and perhaps anti-subversive activities. It is at this point that many of us will want to draw back a bit and suggest that Mr. Harr and those who think as he does—and they are legion—make haste slowy. Although the diplomat of the prewar world has gone forever, there may still be times when, as recommended by one of the better of the old school, the Italian Daniele Varè, it would be profitable to follow the advice of Izaak Walton to the angler, "Study to be quiet."

M. Harr discusses approvingly reforms in the British Foreign Service and remarks wistfully, "If the British, with their conservative and very traditional image, are able to make such changes, one wonders why the experimental and pragmatic Americans are unable to do so." The answer may be that the British have "all functions, including development assistance and

"Well, thanks for the look around, Mr. Mayor. I'll let you know whether this area qualifies for federal urban assistance. Offhand I'd say you've got enough blight but not enough sprawl."

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information . . . performed or managed by members of the Diplomatic Service" simply because they seem to regard these newer responsibilities as contributing to the success of the traditional diplomatic processes rather than the other way around, as we are apt to do. With the possible exception of the British Embassy in Washington, I know of no British embassies with anywhere near the number of officers that American embassies seem to find necessary. This was definitely true in Tokyo, Jakarta and Prague, of which I had personal experience.

One must recognize, however, that the role of the Foreign Service now is different from that of yesterday, and there is no likelihood of a reversion to the "good old days," which may not have been so "good" after all. It is therefore incumbent on the State Department and the Foreign Service to prepare to meet contemporary needs. Mr. Harr recapitulates what has been accomplished and he offers cogent suggestions for what remains to be done. His book was apparently completed before the publication last November by the American Foreign Service Association of a report prepared by its members entitled "Toward a Modern Diplomacy" which in many respects anticipates Mr. Harr's ideas. Similarly, Mr. Harr says, in speaking of the massive alterations needed, "It may well be that a change strategy of this magnitude would be possible only when a new Administration takes power in Washington." The May 7th and 8th issues of *The New York Times* reported that the Foreign Service and the State Department are to be reorganized by the Nixon Administration.

The Professional Diplomat contains much sense, some nonsense, and one fallacy that pervades nearly all programs and suggestions for reforming the Foreign Service. The plans and executive techniques recommended have come mostly from modern management and administrative guides which have proved enormously useful to American corporations in meeting today's problems. But, although they will undoubtedly be of value to the Foreign Service, they lack an appreciation of the fact that there is still great truth in the words of the late British author and diplomat, Sir Harold Nicolson: "Foreign affairs are *foreign* affairs." This book tells little about the impact on foreign nations and peoples by the modern American diplomat using all the new tools of his trade. It is a pity.

John Allison

John Allison spent more than thirty years in the American Foreign Service, ending as Ambassador to Tokyo, Jakarta, and Prague.

Men and Letters

IN MY OWN TIME: Memoirs of a Literary Life

by John Lehmann

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 558 pp., $15

JOHN LEHMANN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY was originally issued in three separate parts over a period of fifteen years. He has now assembled them in a single substantial volume, and to read them in sequence gives one the feeling of reading a wholly new work.

The first part, *The Whispering Gallery*, covers Lehmann's school years, his entry into publishing, and the emergence on the eve of World War II of his *New Writing* anthologies—those collections we read in younger years for their freshness and the new talents they revealed, and for their reach beyond the confines of England and America to show us writers at work in other lands.

Lehmann came to his role of literary impresario precociously; and he performed his task with knowledge, taste, a sense of style, and the vitality one discovers in these pages. His first volume is much more than a record of the fortunate circumstances of his youth —Eton and Cambridge; the companionship of gifted sisters, the novelist Rosamond and the actress Beatrix. It also shows how Lehmann clearly foresaw, in Vienna and Berlin, the coming of fascism. If that vision pushed him to the Left, as it did many thoughtful young men, his was not a blind allegiance. He recognized a primary enemy. As he says, "society was sick, it was sick unto death; it had called in the thugs as doctors: the thugs were preparing to sweep away all the traditional liberties of Western civilization." In Berlin the widely displayed pictures of the Fuehrer seemed like "altars dedicated to some primitive demon-cult."

The Whispering Gallery ends with Europe delivered to the demons. Lehmann makes this profound observation, equally applicable to our own period of intense "activism": "Rational people were looking for rational villainy: but what I had witnessed, sensed, was much more like the outburst of some tremendous force from irrational depths."

I Am My Brother, the second part, chronicles Lehmann's life in England during the war. To read it is to recover what the new generation in its self-preoccupied militancy cannot grasp—the combined horror and dedication of that time. Lehmann not only explores his own spiritual travail; he follows the fortunes of his brother writers during the struggle. Those were the years when separation and

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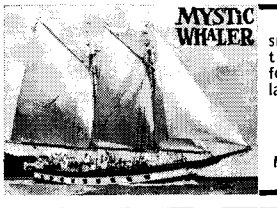
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"OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling". . .

There are two national problems which we believe no materials producer should ignore: litter and conservation. Fortunately, because of the nature of our metal, aluminum, Reynolds has been able to develop some answers in both areas.

Indestructible aluminum is re-usable

First, aluminum has scrap value; it is virtually indestructible. It resists corrosion, will not rust. It can be remelted, re-alloyed, and re-used—economically. And the need for and uses of this strong, lightweight metal multiply yearly.

So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We are now testing different approaches in two cities, Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to try others in the future.

Using aluminum's scrap value

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum can collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own needs. As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter.

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example, brings $200 from dealers, compared with $20 for steel and $16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

Mines—not scrap heaps

Although there is an abundant supply of aluminum for the foreseeable future, the fact remains

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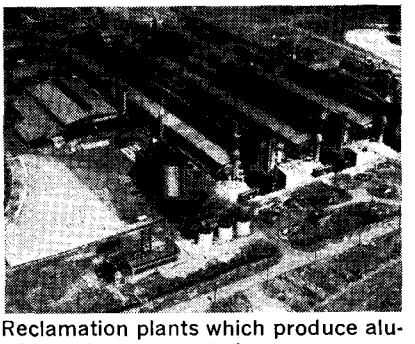
:hat the supply is not unlimited—and aluminum ısage has been doubling roughly every ten years. This need not be a problem if we capitalize on alumi-ıum's re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the world's aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. This could be even higher.

Countless products provide "mines" of alumi-ıum, ready to be tapped. Not only aluminum cans ınd packages, but the aluminum in appliances, automobile parts, ɔuilding products, even railroad cars can and should be reclaimed when they've finished their useful service.

Scouts and many other organizations fight litter and raise money by collecting all-aluminum cans.

New Reynolds reclamation plant

We at the Reynolds Metals Company have launched our effort toward this goal—not only with our anti-litter can collecting programs, but with a major investment in reclamation facilities, as well. (An additional Reynolds reclamation plant will be producing usable aluminum from scrap this year.)



Reclamation plants which produce aluminum from scrap help conserve our natural resources.

Efforts such as these, we believe, will do much to reduce the solid waste disposal problem, and help stretch our natural resources. *Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LO, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*

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death seemed "normal," yet life was transfigured by courage, by danger, by love. In a beautiful personal passage Lehmann talks of the partings of lovers, the fears that every farewell embrace would be the last, and what happened when, in the midst of this, suspicion and jealousy arose. "Then the need for absolute certainties became desperate . . . one had opened a trap-door to a shaft of blackness." In this part of his autobiography Lehmann moves away from literary personalities and literary success, and probes the deepest meaning of life lived in the midst of chaos. His conclusion, which explains the title "I am my brother," is that in the age of the bomb "each living person should become aware of the reality of every other living person in the world." We cannot too often be reminded of this.

The final section, *The Ample Proposition*, tells of Lehmann's postwar venture into publishing. His experience was typical of that of the individual in a field where he seems always doomed to be swallowed up by the financial giants.

The personages who appear in Lehmann's memoirs are well known. He was of the generation of Auden, Spender, Isherwood, Orwell, C. Day Lewis. He worked with Virginia and Leonard Woolf at the Hogarth Press, and sketches an affectionate portrait of the former. There are profoundly human glimpses also of Edith Sitwell and E.M. Forster, and, on the Continent, André Gide and André Malraux.

Lehmann came to maturity when literature was supposed to be *engagée* and proletarian. "Commitment" was expected of all writers—as if commitment to their own imaginations was not enough. But Lehmann did not share the delusions of many of his fellows that tradition, style, and form must be scrapped in favor of dialectic. His standard was always literary. He feels strongly that in serving other writers, as he loyally did for two decades, he sacrificed his own gifts as a writer; but his book shows that he did not possess the single-mindedness of the artist. Since he could not follow the imperatives of his own creativity, he ministered to the creative needs of others. It made him the kind of editor and publisher writers need but seldom get. His dedication was to literature rather than to the vicissitudes of the marketplace—and he was gobbled up by the marketplace, "killed," as he says, "at the height of his self-realization." His record shows nevertheless that he is far from dead; he crammed into his twenty years of unremitting effort enough life and work to suffice for the rest of his days.

Leon Edel

Leon Edel, prize-winning biographer, recently published "The Treacherous Years," the third volume in his life of Henry James.

Today Begins The Week Of Her Birthday

By Daniel J. Langton

And I will bring her oranges, and a parasol,
and a poem on a letterhead.

On Tuesday
I will be empty-handed.

Wednesday, I will bring her rice, and a dream
And peonies, and a knowledge of Italian.
And study her ear.

Thursday I will stay away.

Friday she will beam and put my
    hand over her heart to hear it beat
    and serve me rice and kiss my ear.
I will give her one wish.

On Saturday I will go barefoot to her
And dance her Greek dances
And let her see my love
In its place.

On Sunday she will be older
And we will cry and eat oranges
Under our parasol
For the whole world to see.

POE AND THE BRITISH MAGAZINE TRADITION

by Michael Allen

Oxford University Press, 255 pp., $6.50

WHERE DID EDGAR ALLAN POE'S semi-journalistic style and choice of topic come from? Why was he so vituperative on the subject of New England and New York writers? How, as a magazine editor, did he attempt to satisfy both the aristocratic reader and the expanding mass audience? How much did Poe's wide reading in British journals like *The New Monthly* and *Blackwood's* affect the way he wrote and the subjects he chose? These are only four of the arresting questions Michael Allen raises and apparently answers to his own satisfaction in a specialized but highly interesting little volume called *Poe and the British Magazine Tradition*.

Professor Allen, who lectures at Queens University in Belfast, believes that Poe's journalistic style and subject matter derived from his reading of those British publications, particularly *Blackwood's*, which had developed a publishing formula half-intellectual, half-popular. In particular, Poe acquired much of his taste for burlesque and for tales of horror and suspense from a British magazine tradition that had been hugely successful in bridging the gap between literary sophisticates and the burgeoning mass readership.

Allen also believes that Poe's antipathy to the New England-New York literary clique stemmed less from jealousy than from a feeling that a deliberate assault on an absurd monopoly was overdue. To this end Poe adapted for American audiences the "Blackwood formula," practically non-existent on this side of the Atlantic because, as Margaret Fuller put it in 1846, "there was not a great deal of wit and talent in the country" of the sort Blackwood journalism required. Poe's was exceptional, even unique.

Finally, Michael Allen proves beyond doubt that Poe would never have written what he did had he not been devoted to *Blackwood's* "tales of effect." We owe that British magazine an enormous literary debt for the exciting, suspenseful, and atmospheric writing that Poe on this side of the Atlantic and Wilkie Collins on the other introduced into serious literature at a time of almost unbelievable stuffiness. For telling us why Poe wrote as he did we have Professor Allen to thank. His book breaks new ground, and is commendably readable as well as scholarly.

Richard L. Tobin

Richard L. Tobin is associate publisher of Saturday Review.

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France Before De Gaulle

LAFAYETTE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: Through the October Days

by Louis Gottschalk and Margaret Maddox

University of Chicago Press, 414 pp., $15

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE was already a prestigious young veteran when Frenchmen went to the polls early in 1789 to elect deputies to the Estates General and draw up their *cahiers*. The "hero of two worlds" was rich in the esteem of his countrymen. He was rich in optimism, too, buoyed up by high expectancy for the speedy regeneration of France according to the principles (or perhaps only the mythology) of natural rights and reason that guided him and all the liberal "Patriots."

It is at that crucial moment that Louis Gottschalk and Margaret Maddox open this first of four volumes they plan to devote to developments from 1789 to 1792, the apogee of Lafayette's revolutionary career. The story of the first nine months of 1789 which is covered here is "not unfamiliar," the preface informs us, but it "has never been told in detail before nor . . . placed in proper perspective."

The moderate revolutionists' lofty hopes ran into snags and delays. Nevertheless they advanced toward their goal; and after the "October Days," when the Parisians marched on Versailles, the road seemed clear of immediate obstacles. By then too Lafayette had emerged as a "sort of shogun to an irresolute mikado. . . . " He had become the most powerful man in France, the mainstay of the toppling throne of the Bourbons.

From the outset, fittingly enough, Lafayette busied himself in drafting the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen. He could look back many years later and give his mellow approval to the contemporary acclaim his efforts had brought. He doubtless also looked back with impartial pride on his vigorous efforts both to maintain law and order in the streets after the dramatic capture of the Bastille and to subordinate the king's royal will to the will of the sovereign people.

More than any other single person Lafayette gave "a semblance of regularity and authority" to the new institutions set up in Paris, particularly to the National Guard, of which he became commandant and whose observance of its oath of loyalty to the nation, the king, the law, and the Commune he strictly enforced. During the disorder and confusion of the summer months he failed to keep the ranks of the Patriots unbroken while they vigorously debated the early constitutional decrees. But his compromise solution proved acceptable, more or less. And in the violence and turbulence of the early autumn, though he both underestimated the depth of popular grievances and overestimated his ability to maintain order, nevertheless after his belated and calculated intercession in the October Days he was applauded by all. Like his beloved Washington he was first in the hearts of his countrymen—at least the affluent ones.

The balance sheet the authors draw up for those nine months is the acme of judiciousness. "We consider Lafayette," the preface states, "neither a scheming, ambitious *arriviste* nor a

simple, undeserving *niais* but a competent, well-meaning, patriotic soldier and statesman who, at this stage at least, generally managed to control events, even if they sometimes got out of hand, and in so doing was thrust into a position of leadership, a position he neither diligently conspired to achieve nor earnestly shunned."

There is little in this judgment that one could quarrel with. One can readily agree that it falls this side of enthusiasm, that its rapture is modified. But Lafayette's many admirers can get from it, if not the whole loaf of praise, at least a substantial piece. If on the other hand one is tempted to read between the lines, he can see the general on a white horse as a bit of a prig, naturally smug, something of a stuffed shirt. He was always on the side of the political angels even when it was to his advantage. His heart inclined him toward the regenerated France-to-be so long as there would be room at the top for him.

All this and more comes through under the skillful guidance of the authors. They cannot be charged with taking the ritual of academic scholarship lightly. The research is masterly; the narration impressive. Conscientiously discharging their responsibilities, the authors do not shrink from leaving the highways to follow smaller side paths. Now and then the larger scene is blurred, but this is no doubt inevitable and unavoidable, for the authors refuse to be rushed. The reader can settle down comfortably for a leisurely and enjoyable journey.

Leo Gershoy

Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, is author of "Bertrand Barère: A Reluctant Terrorist" and other works on the Old Régime and the Revolution.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

IN ORBIT

We all gaze at the moon, but only spacemen and poets do anything about it. Elizabeth Frost Reed of Morgantown, W. Va., wants you to use the spaces below to provide a rendezvous for each poet with his moon-verse. The communications center is located on page 38.

1. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
   Whom mortals call the moon. ( )
2. I walk unseen/On the dry smooth-shaven green,
   To behold the wandering moon. ( )
3. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
   That monthly changeth in her circled orb. ( )
4. The moon was a ghastly galleon tossed upon
   cloudy seas. ( )
5. Slowly, silently, now the moon
   Walks the night in her silver shoon. ( )
6. O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
   And on her daughter. ( )
7. The moon, like a flower/In heaven's bright bower,
   With silent delight/Sits and smiles on the night ( )
8. The moon lifting her silver rim
   Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
   Coming into the blue with all her light. ( )

a) Blake
b) De la Mare
c) Eliot
d) Keats
e) Milton
f) Noyes
g) Shakespeare
h) Shelley

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BONAPARTISM AFTER SEDAN

by John Rothney

Cornell University Press, 360 pp., $12.50

DEFEATED AND CAPTURED by the Prussians in 1870, Napoleon III went into exile at Chislehurst, England. For the next twenty-odd years Bonapartists tried to restore the Empire. They failed. *Bonapartism After Sedan* helps to explain why.

A plebiscite in the spring of 1870 gave Napoleon III's Second Empire a majority of nearly six million votes. By September, after ignominious defeat, the Empire disappeared "without a single protesting voice." But though Napoleon III may have been the "great unrecognized incapacity" someone once called him, the legend of the First and grand Empire persisted while dignitaries and officials of the Second Empire hoped to regain their places.

For years after 1870, as John Rothney says, the outcome was not certain. Would France restore the reactionary monarchy of the Bourbons or Orleanists? Would it become a conservative or radical republic? Or would the Bonapartists be able to re-establish a "liberal" Empire? Though the odds seemed for a time to favor a restoration of the monarchy, the Bonapartists could hope and did try.

Rothney describes what they did and especially what they failed to do. The Bonapartists lacked decisive leadership—neither Napoleon III, who died in 1873 after surgery, nor his son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed in Africa in 1879, ever really took command. The Bonapartists in France, such as Rouher, could never understand the need for efficient organization, or decide on what action to take even when they had a chance, as on May 16, 1876. Most important, they could never agree on the kind of Government they wanted. Should they ally themselves with the old landed aristocracy or the workers? Should they support the "law and order" of the aristocrats or democracy based on rule by plebiscite through universal suffrage? Possibly, Rothney believes, the Bonapartists could have succeeded had they followed one of their leaders, Raoul Duval, who understood that the secret of political success in France "was to temper socially conservative policy with democratic rhetoric." But in the end, by 1893, most of them sided with the outmoded aristocracy and the Bonapartist paradoxical combination of "authoritarian democracy" seemed destined for oblivion.

But was it? Another "man on horseback," Boulanger, almost revived it during the late 1880s. From 1958 to 1969 De Gaulle (whose name Rothney carefully avoids) once more tried the combination as a way to rule France and establish hegemony in Europe. And now, with parliamentarianism in retreat before administrative technique, will a fifth or sixth Republic succumb before another man of magnetic personality who knows how to capture and retain authority through plebiscites, through that now magic word, participation?

Rothney, who began this book as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard, apparently thought he should include

every item unearthed by his thorough research, much of it in previously untapped sources. Readers may, as this reviewer did, wish that he had used the superb analysis of his last chapter to guide him in ordering and evaluating his mass of details. Probably in his next book on modern France he will do this, even indulge in further speculation, and thus add further to our insights.

Boyd C. Shafer

Boyd C. Shafer, James Wallace Professor of History at Macalester College, and vice president of the International Committee of Historical Sciences, is the author of "Nationalism, Myth and Reality."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1353

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1353 will be found in the next issue.

SCX RGZE MKE SR FGUXNLSK-

GU K MROKG TL SR ZRPX CXN

KGU SCXG TS TLG'S GXDXLLK-

NE SR FGUXNLSKGU CXN.

—LEUGXE CKNNTL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1352

The charms of a passing woman are usually in direct relation to the speed of her passing.

—MARCEL PROUST.

Fiction

FUNERAL RITES

by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman

Grove, 256 pp., $7.50

THE THIRD OF GENET'S FOUR NOVELS, *Funeral Rites* testifies clearly to the strength and severe limitations of his fiction, and allows us to understand—and to applaud—Genet's decision to abandon the novel for the theater.

Like his other novels, *Funeral Rites* is a homosexual's masturbatory fantasy, wildly excessive and self-indulgent and yet astonishingly poetic in its evocation of a private inferno. It is the first of Genet's works that was not written in jail, and it lacks that particular prison universe of *Our Lady of the Flowers* and *Miracle of the Rose*; but it shares with these earlier books the preoccupation with the glorification of evil and the metaphysics of betrayal.

The characters of all Genet's works are outcasts from bourgeois society—servants, convicts, whores, pederasts, blacks, North Africans. In order to take revenge on a world that has rejected them, they (and Genet) scandalously assert the reverse of commonly accepted values. Deliberate evil is the greatest freedom, and the betrayal of a loved one, being the most loathsome, is also the greatest assertion of self, the height of self-conquest and discipline, the equivalent of revolt on a negative, twisted scale of anti-virtues, an act as pure and as hard as a diamond. Genet's fictional characters conform to Sartre's analysis of Genet himself as a pariah who heroically posits his existential freedom by claiming rather than submitting to his condition of pariah.

Funeral Rites is a perverted elegy to the memory of Genet's lover, Jean Decarnin, a Resistance fighter killed during the street battles that helped liberate Paris in August 1944. Genet, writing in the first person singular and in his own name, tells of meeting Decarnin's brother, Paulo, apparently a collaborator; their mother, and the lover she is hiding, a tall, blond, handsome German tank commander named Erik Seiler. He then postulates that Decarnin was shot by a member of the Militia—that most disreputable group of Frenchmen who fought alongside the Germans—and invents for the role a beautiful sixteen-year-old boy, whom he names Riton. The rest of the book takes place mainly in Genet's imagination.

At first, he is totally preoccupied with memories of his dead lover and he even envisions eating his body in order to absorb him completely, to as-

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similate him, to be totally possessed by his manliness. Initially, too, he despises the supposed killer, Riton; but gradually, through a delicate exploration of the paradoxical link between love and hate, Genet idealizes Riton and *wants* him to shoot Decarnin. Thus, by loving rather than hating the killer of his friend, Genet asserts himself and contradicts the normal order of the universe. His fantasy wills that Riton meet Erik in their last hours as they are being hunted down during the Liberation. Riton falls in love with the German officer, and after a *Götterdämmerung* of lovemaking on the roofs of Paris, Riton shoots his partner in an apotheosis of passion, despair, and betrayal.

In another of Genet's flights of fancy, Erik receives his homosexual initiation in Germany before the war, in the arms of an executioner. Here, as elsewhere, the author takes delight in parading his characters' pederasty; but his showing-off seems so deliberate and so repetitive that *Funeral Rites* succeeds in being neither pornographic nor erotic. In the most scandalous sequence Genet pictures Hitler making love to Paulo, Decarnin's brother, especially imported to Berchtesgaden for the occasion. It is scandalous not because it is obscene, but because of Genet's intense identification with his distorted image of the Nazi leader. ("I have killed, pillaged, stolen, betrayed. What glory I've attained! But let no run-of-the-mill murderer, thief, or traitor take advantage of my reasons. I have gone to too great pains with them. They are valid only for me. That justification cannot be used by every Tom, Dick, and Harry. I don't like people who have no conscience.") Hitler is Genet's ultimate hero—which means, of course, that he is the most abject and contemptible figure.

To portray his characters' thoughts and acts, Genet uses sometimes the third and sometimes the first person. That is, he writes, say, of Hitler both from the outside and the inside, switching for no apparent reason and achieving no structural ensemble. It is this flawed narrative technique that makes *Funeral Rites* Genet's weakest novel. Curiously, the most marked defects may be attributable to Sartre's influence. The technique of constantly changing focus, as well as some of the incidents themselves (the killing of a cat, Riton's awaiting death on the rooftop) echo—but all too faintly—Sartre's *The Paths to Freedom*. Genet even indulges in some pseudo-philosophic speculation: "If my feelings are real only through my consciousness of them, ought I to say that I would have loved Jean less if he had been born in China?" This kind of thing is not Genet's true métier.

Despite this over-all diffuseness, there are passages of great beauty and undeniable power. Erik's wanton shooting of a child in order to feel himself virile is a brief, horrifying gem; a longer, even more harrowing section recounts the betrayal and execution of a score of young insurgents in prison. Genet endows these incidents with an overwhelming feeling for evil that is quite extraordinary. Much more surprising is the sensitivity and sympathy with which he portrays a lowly maid who had briefly been Decarnin's mistress and who is humiliated by his selfishly pharisaic mother. She prefigures the subjugated heroines of *The Maids*, and Genet treats her with gentle compassion. In these, the best moments of the novel, the language sparkles with evocative imagery which has been admirably translated by the late Bernard Frechtman.

In *Funeral Rites* more than in his other novels, Genet delves into the paradox of love-hate and the multiple masks behind which men live. It is in his theater, however, that he will find the suitable structure and discipline to bring these themes fully to life.

Tom Bishop

Tom Bishop is chairman of the French Department at New York University.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF MADAME LIANG

by Pearl S. Buck

John Day, 315 pp., $6.95

PEARL S. BUCK IS MORE THAN a national treasure; she is an institution. No one has so accurately explained to Occidental readers the peculiarities of the Chinese thought process.

In her latest novel (a Book-of-the-Month Club Midsummer selection) she enters the Chinese mind again with a story about the reactions of a group of Chinese people, modern and traditional, intellectual and simple, to the New China and the ideas and ideals of Chairman Mao.

She is particularly skillful in her portrayal of that infuriating Chinese arrogance toward foreigners, all of whom are considered to be inferior, based on the assurance that China and its people are the center of the universe. This attitude obtains from the highest official to the lowest pedicab driver, and no foreigner can ever face it with equanimity. It is made on the one hand of kindly patronizing and on the other of terrible ferocity in matters of national or racial pride. In my own time of residence there, although I had the ultimate cachet of a diplo-

"You're beautiful when you're angry."

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matic passport, I knew for the first time what it must feel like to be a Negro.

The Three Daughters of Madame Liang is written with gentleness and elegance, like one of those old Chinese scroll paintings, faded and formal, lacking in perspective and chiaroscuro. Mrs. Buck's characters are just as charming and just as unreal. By the last chapter they have become so paper-thin that one is afraid they will crumble and blow away, and, indeed, most of them do, almost as though she had suddenly grown bored with them.

Madame Liang is a gracious traditionalist in her fifties who was a passionate revolutionist in the Sun Yat-sen days of her youth. Now the proprietess of one of the last remaining fine restaurants in Shanghai, she is allowed to continue in business because of her connections with old friends in high places, and because the new élite of powerful government officials needs somewhere to enjoy forbidden delicacies and the occasional luxury of a smuggled American cigarette. Her three daughters were sent to America to be educated, with the help of kind American friends. In spite of Madame's forebodings and misgivings, national pride brings two of them home.

Predictably, things go badly for everybody except Joy, the youngest daughter, who remains in the United States, marries well, and earns a reputation as a painter. Grace, the eldest, a doctor engaged in pharmacological research, seems by the end of the book to be well on her way toward assimilation into the dreary future, with the assistance of her handsome but two-dimensional surgeon-lover. Mercy, the middle daughter, a musician and a girl of spirit, suffers tragedy and disillusion.

For some reason, in spite of its fine construction and excellent writing, this novel never seems to come to life. Even the vicious little Red Guards, cheerfully engaged in beating some old party to death, seem like children going through the ritual of a game rather than real and murderous human beings. The male characters especially lack depth and development, unlike the wonderful character portraits in Miss Buck's earlier books, yet they are written with a certain tired skill. There is little new material about conditions in Red China, but the whole is put together with enough of the old Buck magic to insure considerable pleasure for large numbers of genteel ladies on wrought-iron garden chairs in Easthamptons all over the world.

Arthur Prager

Arthur Prager, a frequent contributor to SR, has served as a U.S. embassy attaché in Taiwan and Hong Kong.

PHILLY

by Dan Greenburg

Simon & Schuster, 158 pp., $4.95

SHOW ME A NOVEL with a hero named Philly Spitalnik (no relation to Evelynik and her magic violin) and I'll show you an author trying for laughs. Or I could have sworn I would until I read *Philly*, by Dan Greenburg, he being the author of *How to Be a Jewish Mother*.

Despite his beginnings as a writer of humor, Mr. Greenburg is playing it straight this time, offering us what his publisher describes as "a chilling Pinteresque sleight of hand that blends the traditional elements of the horror story with a sympathetic portrait of adolescence."

Pinteresque, my foot. What Mr. Greenburg has come up with is a not very thrilling tale that will not catch any seasoned mystery buff off guard for a moment.

When his widower father goes off on a business trip, fourteen-year-old Philly is left in the care of a voluptuous governess, Miss Mallow, and a bizarre chauffeur referred to by Philly as "Lester the Fruit." Why a fourteen-year-old needs a governess I don't know; but Philly has one, and her ideas of upbringing are centered on the bedroom rather than the nursery. Well, what with the passage of time and Miss Mallow's determination, there comes a moment in the bedroom when she dies from the sheer exhaustion of pleasuring the young. In fairness to Mr. Greenburg's would-be tale of suspense I will take you no further; but, since I'm a mystery nut, don't give me a three-character plot and expect me to believe in the death of one-third of the cast.

Anyway, what follows involves blackmail, resurrection, and murder, generating not so much suspense as the need for patience on the part of the reader. Mr. Greenburg's attempt to fuse *Catcher in the Rye* with *Diabolique* adds up to the stuff of which half-hour TV thrillers used to be made. *Philly* will serve to kill time on a two-hour train trip. It's nothing much more.

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel is a free-lance writer and critic.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1h (*The Cloud*), 2e (*Il Penseroso*), 3g (*Romeo & Juliet*), 4f (*The Highwayman*), 5b (*Silver*), 6c (*The Waste Land*), 7a (*Night*), 8d (*I Stood Tip-Toe*).

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As Others See Us

KARACHI: Vietnam after Midway

PRESIDENT NIXON'S and General Thieu's joint communiqué after the Midway meeting could not have brought much comfort to those who were expecting an imaginative lead from the U.S. chief. In spite of its astute phrasing, it cannot hide the fact that Mr. Nixon has somehow given in to the pressure tactics adopted by the Saigon junta on the crucial issue of a coalition government before the elections. . . . As things are today, the Saigon generals cannot just wish the NLF out of existence. The Vietcong's claim that it controls more than 80 per cent of the rural areas in South Vietnam may not be fully acceptable. But there can be little doubt about the political isolation and rottenness of the Saigon regime. It is highly improbable that it can ever stand on its feet without the American prop.

In any case, the United States is under no obligation to subordinate its own interests and aims to the expediencies of the Saigon junta. In this overall context, it should still be possible to reverse the unhappy trend through a little more patience, understanding, and wisdom. The "peace plans" offered by both sides may still be considered or reconsidered in private, informal talks—if they cannot be openly discussed in formal meetings.

—Dawn.

MILAN: Healthy Realism

ON THE BASIS of "healthy realism" Nixon decided to send Rockefeller and a corps of experts to gather material on the [South American] situation. . . . But this apparent modesty was not appreciated by the people and did not enthuse the governments. . . . There is a suspicion that the Governor of New York was "orbited" in order to present a hard line to the restless neighbors, and his visit was interpreted as a challenge. Now it is asked whether this "provocation" made sense.

—Astrolabio.

ROME: TV Black-in

A FEW MONTHS ago, the Negro actress Zeida Coles was called to New York to do a TV commercial for Bristol-Myers. Everything seemed set when suddenly the ad agency fired the actress—not because she was black, but because she was not black enough. . . .

The agency wanted an actress with a skin dark enough that there could be no doubt that this was an "integrated" commercial. . . . The search for black actors has become so frenetic, one agency offers $50 to any employee who will produce one. . . .

In the past, ad men have never used anything but whites for fear of antagonizing the South and giving products an "ethnic image." There was also the fear that the surprise of seeing a Negro on screen might distract from the commercial message. A survey of Southern TV viewers watching a bleach commercial indicated that 60 per cent paid no attention to the race of the young Negro actress presenting the product. . . . On the other hand, the tobacco industry has declared, "We are businessmen, not sociologists."

Advertisers who have broken the color line face another problem; how to portray Negroes in commercials. . . . Kool, for example, shows a Negro actor as a trial lawyer. . . Viceroy. . . as a brilliant, young stockbroker. . . Schaefer beer has a young Negro executive playing tennis with a white friend, later they meet at the club bar. . . .

"The easiest way to avoid this problem," according to Negro actor Robert Hooks, "is to show the black actor in the background, slightly out of focus, and show him only for a few seconds."

—Panorama.

TOKYO: The Last Word

THE JAPANESE PLEDGE to increase its foreign aid program to Southeast Asia and to expand its domestic self-defense spendings, or to come to an understanding on the existing economic issues between the two nations [the U.S.A. and Japan] may be helpful in creating the proper atmosphere for the Okinawa talks, but it could not

Thanks for Meddling

"THERE IS A WAR in Vietnam and the United States is involved, but this is no ground for accusing the Americans of imperialism and castigating them for meddling in the domestic affairs of other countries. Is it not thanks to the 'meddling' of the United States in our affairs that the Second World War could be brought to an end in 1945? But for this meddling we might today have been the slaves of the Führer and his band of supermen."

Last year Pierre Beeckman, the Flemish businessman who wrote these lines, felt he had had his fill of one-sided criticism of the United States, for which he had a great—though not uncritical—respect. Despairing, perhaps, of those older fellow countrymen who had already forgotten 1917 and 1944, he decided to organize an unusual competition within the Flemish schools, a competition with as direct an impact as possible. The young people of these schools were invited to draw or paint posters illustrating the theme "America helps," and two prizes of 10,000 Belgian francs, or $200, were offered each, together with other prizes bringing the total to nearly $700, including, for symbolic reasons, two $20 gold pieces.

The whole thing was run by Mr. Beeckman and a small group of friends, helped at the final stage—the selection of prizewinners—by a member of the U.S. Embassy in Brussels. No one will know how many young people in high schools and other institutions reflected on the subject, or how many actually tried their hand at producing a poster, but the entries actually submitted numbered more than 1,000. Some were very interesting technically, and the work submitted revealed a great many ingenious approaches to the theme. . . . The general standard was such that Beeckman felt a number of the entries must be shown to the public.

To ensure that all the effort put into this competition should not prove to be purely ephemeral, Beeckman carried his good work still further and had the best posters included in a well-produced booklet, which has just appeared in an English translation under the title: *America Helps—Amerika Helpt*. He hopes to be visiting America soon and to make full use of his baggage allowance by squeezing in copies of his intriguing booklet—which he is supplying free while the small edition lasts.

G. E. MACGREGOR,
Brussels, Belgium.

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completely replace or cover the concern felt about America's capability of fulfilling its security commitments in this part of the world.

Such views are apparently held in common by officials in the National Security Council, the State Department, and the Defense Department. The popular notion that the State and Defense Departments are divided on the Okinawa reversion issue with the State being "dovish" and the Pentagon being "hawkish" does not seem to be entirely true. They may differ in points of emphasis, but on overall approach there does not appear at this early stage to be any significant distance between the two. That the temptation exists to put the onus for any hard-line stance on the Pentagon must be fully recognized.

In the final decision-making the views of the various governmental departments will be fully thrashed out at the National Security Council level with President Nixon having the ultimate say. According to a White House source, the President, having visited Japan on six occasions, is taking a personal interest in the matter.

—The Japan Times Weekly.

MONTREAL: Frustration and Despair

THE FEELINGS of "frustration and despair" which face American students because of the war in Vietnam were eloquently expressed by a twenty-two-year-old graduating senior at Yale University.

William Thompson told 12,000 graduates, faculty members, and parents that the war is destroying "not one nation, but two—the Vietnamese and our own."

The address by the senior class secretary was significant for several reasons. Traditionally, Yale does not have any speeches at its annual graduation exercises. The only other person to address a commencement this century was President John F. Kennedy in 1962. Noteworthy, also, was the fact that an enlightened university administration had acceded to a request by its senior class that the students be permitted to use their graduation as an expression of protest against the war.

There were no walkouts, no counter-ceremonies, no shouted disruptions as have occurred at other institutions. Some of the graduating students even carried anti-war banners in the traditional processional. And what they heard from Mr. Thompson was a reflection of the feelings of the majority.

Thompson is not a professional protester or a campus radical. Interestingly, he worked last summer as a page at the Republican National Convention and voted last November for Richard Nixon. Perhaps his few minutes of soft-spoken dignity on the rostrum at Yale will help convince the cynics that those who find the war in Vietnam abhorrent are not limited to a handful of noisy extremists.

—The Montreal Star.

LONDON: The Vietnam Situation

IT IS STILL far from certain that Mr. Nixon's team in Paris realizes that it must force a coalition upon President Thieu for the period in which there are elections, if the NLF is to cooperate at all. Until this is grasped, the secret talks—which began last April only to wither within a week or two—will not develop. Criticism in the United States, however, will. It will concentrate more and more on the blunt question: for what end are American soldiers now dying?

—The Times.

IN WASHINGTON, there is nothing in Mr. Nixon's news conference [of June 19] which could offer the slightest encouragement for believing that anything in his Vietnam program is advancing along the lines he must wish. He confirmed there is no progress in Paris, nor is there any response to the proposal for elections.

Most of his emphasis seemed to go into matching [Clark] Clifford's call for speedier evacuation of American forces. This is bound to cause jitters in Saigon. It is clear the Communists are sticking to their aim of getting rid of President Thieu, and that their chances of doing so are improving.

—The Daily Telegraph.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis

AS A REGULAR READER of *The Observer*, may I comment on the photograph of Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis that took up a good deal of space on your front page last Sunday.

It was a remarkable photograph in that it might be considered as giving news without words. Very clever. But writing to you is the only means I have of protesting against this type of journalism. The intrusion into a woman's private grief is deplorable and I had not expected *The Observer* to descend to such depths. I believe it is just this sort of hounding by journalists that drove Mrs. Onassis to seek the privacy and peace of life in Greece.

—L. E. B. Taylor,
The Observer, London.

Nixon Out to Pasture

PRESIDENT NIXON'S RECENT speeches on campus unrest, his critics, and the military have shown the world his true colors. Once again the "Tricky Dicky" of the 1950s has emerged lashing out at his rivals, hunting out traitors and baiting Reds, defending the military and its civilian cohorts, etc.

But I particularly take exception to his ringing reassertion of the American right to be the "guardians of peace and democracy" the world over. This statement, strangely similar to Brezhnev's doctrine of limited sovereignty, once again reflects the hypocrisy of the American position: if we do something it's moral; but if the Communists do it, it's aggression. . . .

Mr. Nixon has yet to learn the lessons of the Dominican Republic and Vietnam. He seems to be eagerly following the path of LBJ. The sooner he is put out to pasture, too, the better.

—Steven Garmaise,
The Montreal Star.

The Purpose of Sex

THE SEX ACT is basically for the procreation of children and mutual love of two people, and as such should be confined to the privacy of those people who, in the circumstance of marriage, share such deep love as to want to give their bodies to each other and procreate children. The whole concept of this is lost if sexual intercourse is performed on stage by members of the acting profession, who can hardly have a deep love for one another.

—Helene R. Summers,
Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Nazi Crimes

IT WOULD be a great disservice to our past and our future if just punishment could not be found for war crimes. It is just that petty criminals apprehended years after offense should be handled with understanding. It is equally just that participants in mass murder should not escape punishment because of the statue of limitations.

—Hans Lilje,
Deutsches Allgemeines Sonntagsblatt,
Hamburg.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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CAN JAZZ-ROCK FIND HAPPINESS TOGETHER?

by BURT KORALL

Increasing jazz-rock fusion—from both sides of the line—gives indication of being more than a passing fad. The development of a powerful, hybrid music suggests itself, and looms as a wave of the immediate future. Whether this new music will prove worthy is a question only time can reveal. But it must be given its head, despite the fact that old-liners, particularly in the jazz area, might be offended by homesteaders casting down stakes on their turf.

The key recording spearheading this movement, *Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Columbia, CS 9720), by the nine-piece group of the same name, is probably well known to you. It has achieved widespread popularity and been a top chart entry on the music trade paper lists for some time. What singularizes *B,S&T* is its high degree of musicality relative to material and performance. The band is a direct reaction to the general pop propensity—among white groups, anyway—to the overly psychedelic, volume for its own sake, and the calculatedly primitive. It veers to technical accomplishment, playing as it does with a well-defined sense of dynamics and shape, without losing the gut impact of the best of rock.

Implicit in all the music played is the belief that the entire spectrum of music, its various styles, colors, and attitudes, is raw material to be developed in a manner suitable to the group's direction and future growth. Using a firm, decidedly spunky rhythmic underpinning that simultaneously suggests both rock and jazz, *B,S&T* moves outward from there. To realize the expanse covered by the unit, one has only to listen to the first three tracks on the album, "Variations on a Theme by Erik Satie," "Smiling Phases," and "Sometime in Winter." They illuminate the wide-ranging thrust of these men and their surprising degree of success and expressiveness within the framework of a fusion of styles.

All this is not to suggest that *B,S&T* is playing a finished music or that the unit provides the ultimate answer. An extension of what was started by a variety of groups, notably the now defunct Blues Project (Verve), it endeavors to compound powerfully the coolness of the head and the emotions and heat of the body—to ally the written closely with the improvised. More than that, the group is trying to take the energy of rock and apply it in a more literate context. *B,S&T*'s prospects for success in these areas are excellent. Unlike some of their musically illiterate pop colleagues, this assemblage of musicians knows what it is doing and doesn't cast its lot solely with the variables of chance, intuition, and the beat of the drum.

The band is in process. Growing pains will continue for a while, at least. But herein lies the excitement; it's like watching a child grow up. Lead singer David Clayton-Thomas edges ever closer to defining an individual style, bringing much of himself to the music rather than the currently all-too-dominant blackface caricature. Arranger Dick Halligan is working toward a charmingly eclectic but identifiable and substantial point of view for the band. The budding, jazz-oriented soloists are allowed sprinting room and often acquit themselves quite well. Always, however, one must keep in mind that the story is in its first pages. While offering instrumental and vocal development of material, a sense of vitality and youthful commitment, *B,S&T* presents an alternative for rock and jazz listeners, and a music that could become progressively more meaningful in coming months.

Larry Coryell — "the original, technically formidable guitarist."

Because the record industry conforms to patterns of financial success, bands similar to *B,S&T* already are springing to the foreground. At this point in time, the trend toward a more sophisticated popular music among contemporary musicians coincides with the major record companies' need for a new, strong campaign. RCA recently fielded *Lighthouse* (LSP 4173), a promising Canadian thirteen-piecer of varying substance, and Columbia has followed through with the *Chicago Transit Authority* (GP 8), which leaves a bit to be desired. There are sure to be other large groups attempting to make the jazz-rock fusion successfully; hopefully, some of the units will be less gimmicky and add further creativity to this burgeoning current.

Other signs of increasing flexibility and concern for the union of jazz techniques and know-how with rock rhythmic punch and instrumental attitudes can be found, particularly in such British small groups as The Pentangle (*Sweet Child*-W7/Reprise 6334)—perhaps the best and most versatile of the bunch—Jethro Tull (*Jethro Tull*-W7/Reprise 6336), Ten Years After (*Stonehenge*—Deram DES 18021), and the blues-based Brian Auger and the Trinity. In their latest album, *Streetnoise* (Atco SD 2 701), Auger and his colleagues share top billing with Julie Driscoll, whose excellent, nuance-filled rendition of Miles Davis's "All Blues" should send several top-level jazz singers to the woodshed.

Jazz and pop live in mutual respect on other releases. The success of each set depends upon the listener's standards; in several cases, the musicians don't have the wherewithal to work out their problems. Most fulfilling and perhaps most reflective of the democracy of things in pop music is *Lady Coryell*, an offering in the Vanguard "Apostalic" series (VSD 6509). Featuring the original, technically formidable guitarist Larry Coryell—a contemporary musician with roots in rock, jazz, indeed the multiple traditions of American popular forms—the album mingles a variety of instrumental and recording techniques, diverse feelings

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and styles — mostly, to cogent effect.

Coryell plays guitar and bass, and sings (there's much overdubbing). Generally supported by drummer Bobby Moses, he is aided on one composition by drummer Elvin Jones and bassist Jimmy Garrison, just by the imaginative Mr. Jones on still another. We are treated to performances, extending from the entirely free to the more traditionally disciplined, which bring into focus rock, jazz, country, classical, and the inevitable blues in various mixtures. All the precincts are heard from, and Coryell seems at home in each one.

On the other side of the line, in jazz, the effect of rock has been felt—much more than superficially in several cases. Particularly in the area of rhythm, the feeling is changing. A more earthy thrust has taken hold in recording groups, with the exception of the most polar avant-garde.

Because of his extraordinary rhythmic instincts and dexterity, Buddy Rich has been able to combine the subtlety and power of great jazz percussion and the basic emotional magnetism of rock rhythm in the pulse of his band. His scores combine the jazz and rock languages and instrumental singularities, though the scales tip in jazz's favor. When Buddy formed the band, it was his intention to have a "contemporary" unit, appealing to the young. In the final accounting, his is the only orchestra of its kind that has been able to showcase, viably, the impulses of youth in a mature context (*Mercy, Mercy*, World Pacific Jazz ST-20133; *Big Swing Face*, Pacific Jazz PJ-10117).

Woody Herman is also making the effort to do so. Unfortunately, the first album, reflecting his "now" band with arrangements by Richard Evans—*Light My Fire* (Cadet LPS 819)—is disappointing in the same way many rock-jazz sets are. It sounds secondhand, as if the men involved were not into the music or its implications. The Herman band plays well, as always, but lacks the spirit and solidity of purpose that have sent jolts of excitement through two generations of jazz critics and fans. Herman is not helped by a shrill recorded sound. The album makes you wonder just how valid this contemporary direction can be for this band leader.

Whether explicit or implicit in their creation, the jazz-rock fusion concept is central to three other albums which have come into the catalogue over the last six months to a year. *Think Pat Williams* (Verve V6-5056) is the most conservative of the trio. With a large brass section and seven rhythm players at his disposal, arranger Williams commands his forces with skill and imagination, writing in a manner that is highly competent but breaks no new ground. Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, a heavy swinger no matter the time or place, adds his particular light to the proceedings. Only the rhythm playing, with fine, young drummer Bill LaVorgna showing the way, brings this album into the pop arena. The rhythm, however, seems more a device than an organic element in the overall offering.

Blood, Sweat and Tears—"endeavors to compound powerfully the coolness of the head and the emotions and heat of the body."

A unity of feeling and concept identifies *The Jazz-Rock Syndrome*, a Verve collection (V6-8756), scored and conducted by Don Sebesky. The writing for the entire band, in this case, has the electric, very basic, contemporary current running through it. Sebesky realizes the precarious balance between the music of two generations, via pulsing unisons and counterpoint and the fantastic rhythmic performances of drummer Donald MacDonald and Fender bassist Chuck Rainey. They constantly are forcing the issue, pushing the music for all its worth. The freewheeling, open flavor of the set is enhanced by several memorable soloists. Larry Coryell gives one of his most vividly exciting performances on "The Word," a blues by Lennon and McCartney. Another blues titled "Somebody Groovy," by John Phillips, gives the listener his best shot at two distinctly outstanding improvisers, comparatively new to the scene: alto saxophonist Richard Spencer and guitarist Joe Beck.

Jazz and rock in a natural coupling, one nourishing the other. Those consciously or unconsciously involved with the union of the two styles seek this ideal. *Machination*, still another Verve album (V6-8759), released several months ago with little fanfare, comes close to achieving that most compatible of blends on several tunes.

Trumpeter Marvin Stamm, an orchestra conducted by veteran composer-arranger Johnny Carisi, and a group of refreshing soloists comprise the cast. Stamm is the leader; truly, however, the album is Carisi's baby. A highly rhythmic writer, with training, background, and interest in all kinds of music, he has provided us with an often explosive, informative experience. His scores, well cast and filled with inner colors, which reveal themselves a little at a time, simultaneously serve as a springboard for soloists and repositories for their responses.

Using his originals and two standards as vehicles, he manages aptly to reflect the multiple currents in popular music while telling much about himself. A weaver of interesting strands of sound, he works for particular types of impact in his own way. His music doesn't sound as though it is worked out in detail; on the contrary, it leaps and jogs and runs freely. Yet, one comes away from Carisi's music with the realization that he *thinks* and *plans*.

Rhythm is forever with us, be it down home or exotic; it inhabits the melodies, giving them a strength and resilience that keeps the listener's blood moving. Particularly on a blues called "Jes Plain Bread," we get a good idea how this jazz-rock thing should work. The opus twitches, slips, and slides as the rhythm breaks a clear trail; guitarist Beck and Stamm stomp their way along, with Carisi giving the band accents and harmonic interest that help create the thrust. And the thing builds, growing bigger and more tense as it rolls along. The culmination finds the uniformly facile and impressive Stamm shouting over the strutting, heavily syncopated clear-cut rhythm, right out of the rock bag, via black blues.

Interplay is the key word—provocative interplay between the composer and the blues, the band and the arrangement, the soloists and the material. This is the story of orchestral jazz. This is the story of an album which in several delightful ways brings today and yesterday closer together. And that's what the jazz-rock fusion is really all about.

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Recordings Reports:

Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Eddie Bonnemère: *Missa Laetare.* Bonnemère, conductor and organ; with eleven-piece band and the Lutheran Seminary Choir of Philadelphia. Fortress stereo, 32-2153-74, $5.98.	Bonnemère is a Catholic who has successfully written music for masses in his own church, but here, filled with the ecumenical spirit, he has written one for the Lutherans. Unlike some of the others who have striven in this area, he uses jazz discreetly and simply. He knows that it has to be interpolated as a related element rather than a distraction, and that this somewhat depends upon familiarity. The jazz element and soloists come to the fore in the long, concluding "Help Me, Jesus," which is joyfully performed; but Bonnemère's ability as a writer is best revealed in the moving instrumental background to the "Seasonal Gradual" on the first side. The choir does well, although it is required to sing a multisyllabic "Amen" too often. The word loses finality with more than two syllables.
Billy Butler: *This Is Billy Butler!* Butler, guitar; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Ernie Hayes, piano and organ; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Rudy Collins, drums. Prestige stereo, 7622, $4.98.	The first under his own name, this album gives Butler the prominence he has deserved ever since he was heard in Bill Doggett's band. He is a versatile musician, careful of his tone even when "bending" it to achieve bowed or singing effects, and he has a very positive rhythmic feeling that enhances numbers like "The Twang Thang" and "The Soul Roll." On the six-minute "Bass-ic Blues," he proves that the bass guitar could profitably be used more frequently in jazz. Hayes and Bushnell are admirable accompanists, and Person sounds like a much more mature saxophonist than on earlier records.
Wild Bill Davis: *Doin' His Thing.* Davis, organ; Bob Brown, alto and tenor saxophones, and flute; Dickie Thompson, guitar; Orville Mason or Jymie Merritt, Fender bass; Pretty Purdy, Chris Columbus, Fred Curry, drums. RCA stereo, LSP-4139, $4.98.	Although it is not specifically directed at the jazz audience, this contains several good examples of Davis's authoritative organ playing. His full, orchestral approach is laid aside from time to time, and on "Generator" he shows just how "wildly" he can swing. Thompson remains a very rewarding guitarist—lucid, tasteful, and always recognizably himself. Brown does his talking-flute act again on "The Groaner," and it is certainly amusing when first heard. Two tracks by trio suggest that Davis, if organ bass recorded better, really needs nothing more than guitar and drums.
Edmond Hall and **Art Hodes:** *Original Blue Note Jazz, Vol. 1.* Hall, clarinet; Sidney DeParis, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; James P. Johnson, piano; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Israel Crosby, bass; Sidney Catlett, drums. On the second side Max Kaminsky replaces DeParis, Art Hodes replaces Johnson, Sid Weiss replaces Crosby, and Danny Alvin replaces Catlett. Blue Note stereo, B-6504, $5.98.	The all-star Hall session doesn't gel as well as might be expected. There are two takes of "High Society," and Hall and Dickenson are very much themselves on this and three other titles; but Johnson is rather subdued throughout, and what should have been a remarkable rhythm section is ill-recorded. Sidney DeParis redeems everything with playing that has "depth," as annotator Hodes claims. The first of his two muted trumpet choruses on "Blue at Blue Note" has a quality of tragic nobility that should give the connoisseur a *frisson* or two. With one exception, all the performances are from previously unissued takes. Another Blue Note album, *The Funky Piano of Art Hodes* (B-6502), does more justice to Hodes's understated approach, offers a glimpse of that great trombonist, Sandy Williams, and, in the very last track, delivers a lesson to the other clarinetists via spare, sorrowing blues choruses by Omer Simeon.
B.B. King: *Live and Well.* Side 1: King, guitar and vocal; Patrick Williams, trumpet; Lee Gatling, tenor saxophone; Charlie Boles, organ; Val Patillo, bass; Sonny Freeman, drums. Side 2: King, guitar and vocal; Paul Harris or Al Kooper, piano; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Gerald Jemmott, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums. BluesWay stereo, BLS-6031, $4.98.	The first side was recorded live with King's regular group, the other in a studio with "some of the best young blues musicians in the country." Despite intimations to the contrary in the producer's notes, it is the younger men who sound tired. King is such a powerful emotional force that he succeeds in lifting most of the second side to an acceptable level, but his confidently swinging solos tend to emphasize the stodginess of his accompaniment. Like other best-selling bluesmen, King's popularity was originally built on ungimmicked simplicity. In part, this album is another sad example of the tendency of record companies to back such artists with imitators and popularizers in an attempt to push them toward the excesses of poppyrock.
Quintet of the Hot Club of France: *First Recordings.* Django Reinhardt, guitar; Stephane Grappelly, violin and piano; Joseph Reinhardt and Roger Chaput, guitars; Louis Vola, bass; Arthur Briggs, Alphonse Cox, Pierre Allier, trumpets, on two tracks; Eugene d'Hellemes, trombone, on two tracks; Alix Combelle, tenor saxophone and clarinet, on one track; Pierre Ferret replaces Chaput on two tracks. Prestige stereo, 7614, $4.98.	The 1934-35 Ultraphone recordings in this collection effectively introduced Django Reinhardt to Europe and the world. At that time, the instrumentation of the group was extremely intelligent, for it gave the quintet an entree into rooms where jazz might not otherwise have been welcome. Both as soloist and accompanist, Reinhardt dwarfs his colleagues (he remains the one major jazz innovator Europe has produced), but Grappelly has always been underrated, perhaps because of prejudice against his instrument. One of the more attractive performances is "Blue Drag," a number well worth reviving; the definitive version was, oddly enough, made for the same French label the previous month by Freddie Taylor.
Various Artists: *Boogie Woogie Rarities, 1927-32.* Meade Lux Lewis, Wesley Wallace, Blind Leroy Garnett, Cripple Clarence Lofton, Will Ezell, Charlie Spand, Jabo Williams, Cow Cow Davenport, Henry Brown, Charles Avery, pianos. Milestone mono, MLP-2009, $4.98.	The original "Honky Tonk Train Blues" by Meade Lux Lewis opens this set, and none of the other selections matches it in terms of scope and execution, although Wesley Wallace's "No. 29" is a vividly evocative description in words and music of riding a freight train. Despite primitive techniques, consequent repetitions, and limited conceptions, the work of the ten pianists reveals the fascinating variety within the blues world of the period. *After Hours Blues* (Biograph, BLP-12010) makes an illuminating supplement, most of the material in it having been recorded about twenty years later by pianists Little Brother Montgomery and Sunnyland Slim.
Pat Williams: *Think.* Williams, arranger and conductor; with big band. Verve stereo, V6-5056, $5.98.	This set seems to have been produced for the busy new breed of conglomerateurs, and Williams's part in the preparation of Noxzema, Diet Rite, Kent, and Dodge television commercials may have suggested his fitness for the task. The writing for the brass is handsome indeed, and so is the playing, but an album that must have been very expensive to make turns out, in sum, to be a boring waste of time. Occasional solo statements by Zoot Sims (tenor saxophone), Marvin Stamm (trumpet), and Bill Watrous (trombone) are heightened in validity by their surroundings, just as Bix Beiderbecke's were long ago when he was part of Paul Whiteman's musical conglomeration. —S. D.

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NEW ORLEANS, JAZZ CAPITAL?

In terms of production, presentation, and programing, the second New Orleans Jazzfest (June 1-7) was probably the best and most uncompromising jazz festival yet. Paul Desmond, the famous saxophonist, referred to it during a television appearance as "the most civilized I have ever attended."

Many people were responsible for the artistic triumph and the "civilized" atmosphere that prevailed, but three must be singled out: the Voice of America's Willis Conover, who acted as musical director and MC; George Sanchez, who was production stage manager; and Doug Ramsey, who headed a hospitality committee that outdid itself in making the musicians and press feel really welcome and comfortable.

Conover's programs were primarily conceived for those who could appreciate "the difference between jazz vaudeville and jazz theater." Deliberate contrasts invariably preceded a well-planned climax, and everything ran to time as a result of lengthy rehearsals. The last was an especially significant gain, for at most previous festivals popular "hams" have milked audience applause, overrun their allotted time, and proportionately reduced that of worthy artists. At the final concert, devoted entirely to New Orleans music, one musician did, in fact, try to upstage everyone else, but the attempt was so ludicrous that he became an object of pity rather than scorn. As it was, the biggest success that night was scored by a solo pianist, Bob Greene, who re-created the musical idiom of Jelly Roll Morton with skill, sympathy, and taste.

Several other pianists emerged with great credit. Eubie Blake, eighty-six years old, was in sparkling form, playing a wonderful variety of styles and tunes that ranged from his 1899 "Charleston Rag" to "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and his perennial "Memories of You." On the way, he remembered Luckey Roberts with "Spanish Venus" and John Philip Sousa with "Stars and Stripes Forever," breaking from march to swing on the latter in the accepted New Orleans manner. Jaki Byard, one-fifth of a formidable house band, saluted Louis Gottschalk by building an extremely imaginative improvisation with blues and other elements around the New Orleans composer's "Banjo" and "Bamboula." (Gottschalk died just a hundred years before.) But the pianist most acclaimed was Count Basie, who delivered a sequence of matchless blues choruses with a totally unassuming air.

He and his band had flown in from Los Angeles a couple of hours before the concert began. Because no really appropriate venue existed in the city, big bands had seldom been heard there in recent years, so Basie's was received with special enthusiasm.

"It's great to have you here, Count," shouted an enthusiast in the audience.

"Thank you. It's great to be here," Basie answered. "I've sure been trying to get here a long time."

After the band had played an exciting set, four of the early alumni—Buck Clayton, Dicky Wells, Jimmy Tyler, and Buddy Tate—were joined by Basie and his rhythm section for "I Found a New Baby" and "St. Louis Blues." The unity and tremendous authority of Basie's present rhythm team was startling in this context, and not merely in comparison with its nearest rival at the festival. Then the full band, with Clark Terry and Zoot Sims as added soloists, returned for a rousing finale on "One O'Clock Jump."

An hour afterward, at midnight, the band was swinging again, this time for dancers in the Royal Orleans Hotel, the scene of informal jam sessions on two previous nights. A dance has always been the place to catch Basie, and this occasion was in many respects the festival's peak. Spurred on by the presence of many musicians on the floor, the band played superbly until 4 a.m. Two hours later, it was on its way back to Los Angeles, apparently unruffled.

Other highlights included a warm, relaxed Sarah Vaughan singing "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" with a gospel choir, trading humorous scat vocal phrases with Clark Terry, and demonstrating brilliant musicianship within the context of three Benny Carter arrangements played by the University of Illinois Orchestra. The presence of this twenty-piece ensemble was an example of the festival's vision, for its standards were professional and it was used as part of the program in a fully professional capacity, not as a curtain raiser. There was a novel grouping of four veteran clarinetists —Tony Parenti, Raymond Burke, Harry Shields, and Louis Cottrell—playing "High Society" and another that contrasted the trumpet styles of three masters—Roy Eldridge, Bobby Hackett, and Clark Terry.

Terry was part of the house band—another praiseworthy Conover idea—that did yeoman service throughout the festival. With him, and Byard at the piano, were Zoot Sims (tenor

—Jack Bradley.

"A novel grouping . . . that contrasted the trumpet styles of three masters— Roy Eldridge [center], Bobby Hackett [right], and Clark Terry [left]." Also visible are bassist Richard Davis, pianist Jaki Byard, and Alan Dawson, drums.

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saxophone), Milt Hinton (bass), and Alan Dawson (drums). During a cruise up the Mississippi on a jam-packed riverboat, they successfully fought a gentlemanly battle of music with Pete Fountain's popular nine-piece group.

Much of all this could perhaps be duplicated elsewhere, but New Orleans gives the festival an authenticity of atmosphere that is impossible anywhere else. The fact that the festival takes place within the city is a vital factor in its favor. After the main events, a large proportion of the crowds disperse into the French Quarter, where music is made in many clubs far into the night. Most of these feature Dixieland music, but they welcome musicians of widely different beliefs to sit in. Moreover, at Sylvia's Lounge on Freret Street and the Jazz Workshop on Decatur Street, the music was anything but retrogressive.

The marching bands were much more than a picturesque part of the scene, and they constantly emphasized why the New Orleans idiom has survived so strongly. This music is functional, performed as an accompaniment to marching, dancing, and eating. There was plenty of dancing alongside the big parade through the French Quarter and down Canal Street to the Mississippi before the riverboat ride, and this year there was an exceptional new group in the form of Danny Barker's Congo Square Marching Band. Sixteen pieces strong, with two bass horns, a strong contingent of younger musicians, and bandleader Don Albert as an additional trumpet, it made a joyful and impressive sound in the streets. Sam Alcorn, son of the veteran Alvin Alcorn, blew some of the festival's most enterprising trumpet here beside his father, at the last night's finale.

The day after the festival ended, the bands were on hand again for the opening—following an integration dispute—of the public swimming pool at Audubon Park. The sun was high overhead, and it was very hot, but the music kept people happy. Black and white marched, danced, picnicked, and dived in the pool together.

Coinciding with the jazz festival was a food festival that stressed the other major claim to fame of New Orleans. The capacity of the citizens was gravely underestimated at Jackson Square the opening Sunday. By the time Archbishop Hannan and his flock returned from blessing the shrimp boats, most of the oysters, crawfish, shrimp, and jambalaya on sale at the booths there had been eaten, but the Congo Square and Tuxedo bands soon succeeded in playing most of the hungry into a good humor again.

The following night there was a lavish "gourmet buffet" in the handsome Plimsoll Club. Stuffed with every kind of local delicacy, the guests were sitting in comatose content when the Olympia Brass Band marched into the room. "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" was its appropriate choice of material as Mayor Schiro and other notables gallantly rose to parade behind it. As an aid to digestion, the band's beat proved extremely efficacious.

It was apparent last year that New Orleans with its Jazzfest could become one of the greatest attractions in America for tourists, particularly from abroad. Continued on the lines of this year's festival, New Orleans can almost effortlessly become the jazz capital of the world again. As yet, none of the airlines seems to be aware of the potential in the situation.

—STANLEY DANCE.

Morality

Continued from page 13

on the recommendation of others) of people and institutions involved in such work; perhaps some readers will care to get in touch with them and help.

What is *most* needed is a leader who can inspire an affirmative morality, a morality that demands action to help others, not merely abstinence from acts that might harm one's neighbor. A few great historical figures *have* taught this and still stand out as shining landmarks. One of the most interesting is the man who founded the Franciscan order and who, incidentally, has, over the centuries, attracted more followers than the founders of the Inquisition.

We should pay more attention to St. Francis of Assisi. It would be wonderful if a campaign could be started to make every leader in politics, industry, or education say, every night, part of his famous prayer:

> Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is sadness, joy; where there is darkness, light.

Whether or not our leaders will say this prayer each night, the rest of us might be well advised to do so.

WIT TWISTER #120

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The ewe who _ _ _ _ _ _
behind the sty
We slaughtered as she _ _ _
_ _ _ by;
Then caused such _ _ _ _
_ _ that the town
Awoke and _ _ _ _ _ _ the
simple clown
Who sometimes rings the sexton's bell.
Say, _ _ _ _ _ _ have we
not done well? —A. S.

(*Answer on page* 59)

Mr. Swan thanks readers for their interest, but regrets that he cannot accept any more verses at present.

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COMMUNICATIONS

The Journalism Graduate and Public Relations

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The Newspaper Fund was established by Dow Jones a decade ago with the sole purpose of encouraging bright young people to take up careers in the news business. Studies by journalism educators had revealed that high school students, particularly young men, were less and less interested in newspaper and newscasting careers. There were plenty of reasons for this, but one element was common to all: either misinformation or no information at all about job opportunities in journalism. The fund thereupon began a four-point program to fill this vacuum: it promoted summer intern jobs for college students, initiated workshops and seminars on college campuses for high school publications advisers and teachers, established an awards program to honor outstanding high school papers, and set up a clearinghouse for information on careers in news. To date, Dow Jones has given more than $2.5 million to carry out the Newspaper Fund's program.

The Newspaper Fund recently issued a five-year employment report on journalism graduates, and the statistics are rather startling. Although daily newspapers continue to attract the largest percentage of journalism graduates, the percentage entering public relations jobs has nearly tripled in the five years. Graduates who accepted daily newspaper jobs have increased by 54 per cent since 1964; weekly newspaper jobs have attracted 18 per cent more graduates; wire service work now draws precisely twice as many journalism graduates as it did five years ago. But the number of young journalists taking public relations jobs has gone from 192 in 1964 to 519 this past year. The number of youngsters going into magazine work has actually decreased since 1964; radio and television attracted approximately the same number from 1964 through 1967, with a considerable and sudden increase last year.

More and more women are being hired by daily papers, though the number of men going straight from the classroom to the newspaper is still slightly larger; men outnumbered women entering daily newspaper work by two to one in 1964, but last year there was almost a one to one ratio. Gains in hiring for public relations jobs have, however, far exceeded increases in the other media. The Newspaper Fund's study shows that total graduates hired for PR jobs since 1964 are now second only to daily newspapers. The reason for this rapid increase is not explained by public relations officials, who reported to the fund that they have no formal recruitment efforts.

What kinds of jobs pay best for journalism graduates? The Fund report shows advertising offering the highest average starting salary at $130 a week, with freshman PR positions close behind at $127. Radio and TV news salaries begin at an average $122, just above the overall average graduate's salary of $119. Far behind the leaders are daily and weekly newspaper reporters, desk men, and photographers: on the dailies the average starting salary is $114, on the weeklies $109. In all categories, however, salaries for Bachelor of Arts graduates in journalism have risen over the five-year period. A man or woman who went to work on a daily newspaper in 1964 right out of college earned an average weekly salary of $94; $92 if he worked for a wire service; $87 if he worked on a weekly paper. PR and advertising salaries were then, as they are now, well above these starting figures.

Why do people go into journalism, anyway? It is far from the best paid profession. Its rewards in prestige fade by the hour, since it is still undeniably true that nothing is as old as yesterday's headline (and by-line).

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Newspapermen of quality and excellence have in recent years found themselves distressingly vulnerable to the disappearing paper, the suddenly merging paper, the foundering paper. In no other field except the theater can a person go from professional prominence to total obscurity in so short a time. This phenomenon is not confined to individuals, either. All one need remember is how recently the late New York *Herald Tribune* was the best-written newspaper in America, one of the most powerful, and the leading Republican spokesman. It gave the *Times* fits every other morning, yet for many a New Yorker it is not even a memory now.

Wendell Phillips wrote a century ago that we live under a government of men and morning newspapers. In his time, and probably through World War II, this was eminently so. But radio and TV news now dominate journalism with their immediacy and pervasiveness, and the great morning papers (a morning paper is always better edited and more carefully written because the news has had a chance to settle) are now elder statesmen of a sort, looking back on the news, in most cases, and moving into what was once the province of magazine writing—explanation and evaluation rather than spot headlines. What Alexander Pope called "the dull duty of an editor" is now frequently the lot of the writer for print news media. He knows he will be beaten on his own story even if exclusive with him, for as soon as the first copy appears on the first newsstand, radio and TV will gobble it up, often without credit.

Just the same, the appeal of seeing one's own writing in print, particularly under one's own by-line, is nothing short of euphoric and always will be. In this way journalism parallels acting, which it also resembles in the speed with which the by-line (and performance) is forgotten. To some who prefer more money and less identification, public relations is attractive, increasingly so says the Newspaper Fund report. In any case, the cliché of the publicity flack thinking up stunts to promote some new gadget has all but dissolved in a more modern attitude—particularly among big corporations—toward public opinion and the way it is built and maintained. Though some benighted companies still attach PR to the legal department (in other words, wait until you get into trouble), the vast majority of U.S. businesses now pay scrupulous attention to their own images through highly paid public relations departments that have every right to attract the attention of bright, young journalism graduates.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Other Evils, Other Roots

MY FIRST REACTION, like R.L.T.'s of June 14, was that *Life* magazine's recent exposés were, in the best tradition of American journalism, contributions to American democracy. Then I remembered Lincoln Steffens's observation, after a lifetime of such activity, that by concerning himself with mere personal morality and ignoring fundamental issues as to how power is distributed in society he had not struck at the root of the very evils he battled so valiantly. Then I read the charge that *Life*'s exposés were in fact stimulated by a peek at the FBI files—a peek offered many other publications but apparently refused by most of them. Any significant or realistic comment on the *Life* exposés should wait upon further study.

You might well join me in asking: Will *Life* expand its agenda beyond the targets picked for it by the FBI, for example? Will it take a look at the Texas Legislature, for example, and describe how lobbyists have prevented adequate legislation to curb pollution? Will it, or will *SR* pay a visit to one of Houston's notorious nineteenth-century-type "charity balls" and picture alongside the plight of the ADC mother trying to feed children on 41 cents a day?

Will *Life* devote as much attention to corruption in business as it does in politics?

If our media ever begin to do a decent job of reporting, I suspect it may well be not because of persons in the media but because of men like John F. Banzhaf 3rd who are outside the media—its critics.

EDGAR CRANE,
Professor of Marketing,
University of Houston,
Houston, Tex.

Private Postal Service

THOMAS M. MURRAY deserves all the credit given him in "The Postman Rings Twice"; [*SR*, June 14] but as to third-class mail, has he really demonstrated that "he can do the job more cheaply—$25 per thousand as against the Government's $36"? Does the Independent Postal System of America make deliveries to all the rural mailboxes in its area? Does it pick up mail from New York City and deliver it to Oklahoma City, or from Oklahoma City and deliver it to Kittery Point, Maine? Isn't IPSA simply taking the cream of the third-class mail and leaving the costly rural and inter-city deliveries to the Government? How will IPSA deliver magazines and other individually addressed pieces without adding tremendously to its costs? Getting boys to deliver handbills house-to-house used to be the local grocer's way of advising his customers of his weekly specials.

RAYMOND D. SMITH,
Publisher,
CATS magazine,
Washington, Pa.

New York-New Yorker

IN ORDER TO get over the hump by Christmas, *New York* magazine might heed the advice of a fifty-eight-year old editing veteran. I think retaining the name when the *Herald Tribune* folded was a mistake which may correct itself in time, but even here in sophisticated Washington, when I mention the name *New York* to anyone except the fifty-six-year-old friend I pass it on to, I get in reply, "I never read *The New Yorker* any more. They lost me when they found John Updike"—or words to that effect. I think *New York* magazine is great, but I hope they don't overdo the "now generation" image. It could turn rancid with time, just as *The New Yorker*'s "sophisticated" image did.

RAE WENTE,
Washington, D.C.

Pornography Revisited

THE FEROCITY of some of your readers' responses to Stuart W. Little's review of my book [BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS, May 10, and LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, June 14] is not surprising. Nowadays it would seem to require considerable courage to do what Mr. Little has done—in a literary journal he has dared to suggest that there are reasons for legal control of the worst forms of obscenity. It is quite evident that none of your four correspondents has read my book, yet they are remarkably full of certitudes about the issues raised in it, and some of them are very angry at Mr. Little and me.

Correspondent Taylor knows in advance, and without a single doubt, that any argument whatever "for the censorship of literature can only sicken, annoy, or inflame, and not enlighten." Mr. Ehinger, even more inflamed than Mr. Taylor, proclaims that "neither Mr. Little nor Mr. Clor has any business publishing reviews or books designed to be read by anyone" and that "*SR* should be ashamed for publishing Mr. Little's review." Ehinger appears sufficiently enraged to advocate the censorship of serious argument! Are these gentlemen really interested in the free exchange of ideas? It would be interesting to study the process by which liberal openmindedness has been replaced by libertarian dogmatism. At any rate, Mr. Little is to be commended for his willingness to think about vital issues that so many of our intelligentsia passionately regard as settled forever.

HARRY M. CLOR,
Associate Professor of Political Science,
Kenyon College,
Gambier, O.

IN HIS ARTICLE "Pornographic Territory," Stuart W. Little characterizes obscenity as "being present at certain natural, physical functions when one is not oneself 'subject to the urgencies' of the act—wit-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS: A CONFRONTATION?

by JOHN TEBBEL

On the surface, at least, global peace and harmony prevailed among the nearly 500 publishers and editors gathered in Williamsburg, Virginia, at the end of May for the first International Magazine Conference, sponsored by the Magazine Publishers Association as part of its 50th anniversary observances.

Underneath, however, the delegates could feel tremors from the real world lying outside the boundaries of the restored colonial town. So, one publisher speculated, must the inhabitants of the original community have felt while Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Washington, John Randolph, and the others debated the issue of the Crown's control between eating, drinking, and gambling in the Raleigh Tavern and other centers of colonial life, while the news of approaching conflict trickled in from Boston.

The news was trickling into the conference from Hamburg and Paris, conveyed there by Henri Nannen, noted editor of *Stern*, one of West Germany's two leading magazines (*Der Spiegel* being the other), and Jean-Louis Servan-Schreiber—brother of Jean-Jacques—who is publisher of *L'Expansion*, a French business news weekly established two years ago as a joint venture of McGraw-Hill and the French Press Union. The issue these two men discussed with considerable eloquence was the conflict between publishers and editors that has led so far to control of *Stern* and *Le Figaro*—France's oldest and most prestigious daily—by the editors, reversing the traditional role. As Servan-Schreiber put it, "In many dailies and magazines in France, editors no longer accept that the power of the proprietors should be absolute." The same, it appears, is beginning to be true in West Germany.

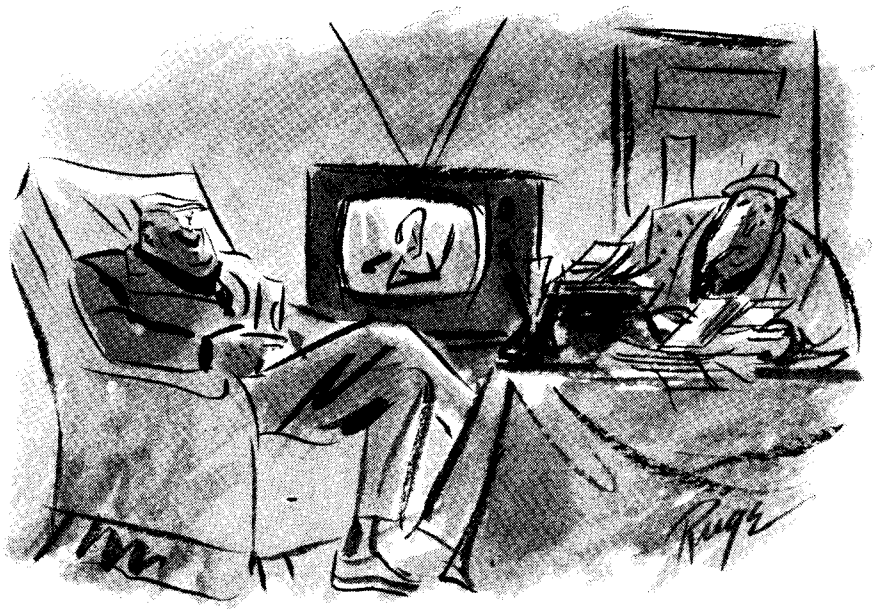
The situation in France results from the organization by editors of at least thirty newspapers, magazines, and press groups into "journalists' associations"; that is, small incorporated companies in which each editor-member owns shares. An elected president represents them. These are not trade unions, and have no direct connections with already existing unions. Indeed, the associations mean to go well beyond the old objectives of organized labor. They want a veto power in the choice of publisher, particularly when one dies or resigns, or when a publication is sold; a special professional status that would reduce the rights of publishers to alter their articles; and legislation requiring publishers to sell them 35 per cent of the stock of the companies they work in, so that besides participating in the profits they would have a veto right on vital decisions affecting the publication's life. Some want even more: to make information a public service, "protected from the power of money and capital," as Servan-Schreiber phrased it. This would be done by making magazines and newspapers part of nonprofit foundations.

The French publisher remarked that these ideas might seem "bizarre or shocking" to many of the Americans present, and in fact there was a rustle of whispering in the auditorium as Servan-Schreiber noted that the journalists' associations were, in fact, "questioning the capitalist rules of the game," and added that "nevertheless we cannot afford to disregard them altogether."

Leaving aside the details, there was a remarkable similarity in the situation that brought about a revolt of editors at both *Le Figaro* and *Stern*, whose troubles were detailed by Mr. Nannen in the course of a particularly well-received speech notable for its clear-eyed view of the world scene. In both cases, what was involved was the right of a publisher to control a magazine absolutely and to dictate its editorial content. In the case of *Figaro* there was little to fear from the prospective owner and the editors protested as a matter of principle; at *Stern*, there was reason to believe that a new owner would turn the periodical away from its more serious purposes and make it into the kind of sex-and-sensation organ that runs up such impressive circulations in West Germany.

The issue still has not been decided in France; a government commission began hearings on the matter in May. Meanwhile, the influential paper, *L'Express*—founded by the elder Servan-Schreiber brother, Jean-Jacques—has anticipated further trouble by devising a new "constitution" for itself, designed to bring employees more closely into the decision-making process without depriving the publisher of all his rights. This document provides for an executive committee consisting of salaried executives of whom a third would be journalists. The committee would confer with the president about policy matters, but the president would hold the right to make final decisions.

If it were necessary to find a new president, names of candidates would be proposed by the company's board of directors, and election would take place through an electoral college composed of board members, executive committee members, and employee representatives. The balance of



"Don't bother counting it now—let's let the guy on the late news tell us how much we got."

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power, obviously, would be in the hands of the salaried employees, who would hold two out of three votes.

Italy may be moving toward this kind of system. Already Italian law protects editors from publishers by making it extremely difficult for them to be fired.

In West Germany, the editors of *Stern* have produced an "editorial charter" under which they now function. It may be a model for future negotiations on other publications. After a preamble which states that the editors are "committed to freedom and democracy and to progressive and liberal principles," the charter declares that no editor or staff member can be compelled to write anything against his own conscience, and his refusal may not be held against him. A seven-man editorial advisory board is established, elected annually by secret ballot; a new election can be called for, if thirty members of the editorial staff request it. All staff members are eligible to serve, and everyone has a right to vote if he has been a member for more than half a year.

The charter goes on to specify that the board must be consulted by the management on any change in ownership, and on the appointment of an editor-in-chief, who cannot be dismissed if the board disapproves such action by a two-thirds vote. An editor-in-chief is empowered to make personnel decisions in the editorial department, but he cannot make changes in managing editors, department heads, or political contributors without a two-thirds vote of approval by the board.

In an even more delicate area of labor-management relations, the charter sets forth that editorial budgets cannot be reduced unless "economic circumstances make it compellingly necessary." It is not difficult to envision the arguments that might rise over the interpretation of this clause.

Finally, the charter is made an integral part of all employment contracts between management and staff members, and is to be in force for five years, continuing for another five years automatically unless notice of cancellation is given. That notice may be given only by the editorial staff, with a two-thirds vote of the board. "A notice on the part of the publisher," the charter concludes, "requires a corporate vote."

As an international movement, the French and German compacts represent a force not limited to publishing. The editors have presented themselves as what Servan-Schreiber calls "highly skilled 'knowledge' workers." Since most industries and services in the future are going to be using such workers in the combination of knowledge and software, it is reasonable to expect the issue will be raised both in and out of the publishing field.

Many of the publishers discussing the trend informally at Williamsburg were doubtful that it would happen here. The situation in America, they pointed out, is very different. In the newspaper business, for example, the American Newspaper Guild is already fighting this particular battle and is not likely to be superseded by another editorial organization, although conceivably it might borrow some tactics and ideas from the French and Germans. On magazines and in publishing, the Book and Magazine Guild has made little progress in organizing editorial employees. Unlike their European counterparts, American editors in these fields are inclined to be too individualistic to organize themselves.

However, there is no guarantee that this situation will always prevail. If conflicts over magazine policy between editors and management ever should reach the point of sharp division that brought about the conflicts in Paris and in Hamburg, there might conceivably be a general confrontation. As matters stand, such confrontations are customarily individual, and the end result is the departure of the editor or writer who disagrees beyond compromise with his publisher. It must be remembered that Europeans are much more political animals than Americans, and more likely to view such confrontations in terms of "them or us." Furthermore, it was the general feeling among editors and publishers present that both executives must be in a clear position to make hard and internally unpopular decisions on budgets and staff, or policy, without having constantly to "run for office." The prospect of chaotic office politics as editors ran for election or re-election while publishers campaigned for staff approval of management decisions seemed absolutely appalling.

In any event, the American publishers at Williamsburg did not appear perturbed by the prospect of an editorial challenge to their power. Their minds were on other and more familiar problems. As always, there was talk about the necessity for magazines to be independent of government. An opinion survey taken by mail before the conference opened, among approximately 150 publishing companies here and abroad, showed that 50 per cent of the American and 14 per cent of the foreign publishers expected their governments to attempt further regulation of the industry in the next five years. Not surprisingly, 98 per cent of Americans and 92 per cent of foreign publishers saw no need for further regulation.

The survey turned up some intriguing facts, besides such self-evident conclusions that controversial subjects like sex and birth control are treated with much more editorial freedom now than they were five years ago. It was learned, for example, that 38 per cent of the American and 41 per cent of the foreign magazine publishers responding have gone into book publishing, which is the most popular diversification, followed by television, newspapers, records, radio, and films.

According to the survey, the publishers are not in agreement over whether circulations will grow rapidly or slowly over the next five years. They are about evenly divided on this matter, but a majority both here and abroad think newsstand sales will be about the same or a little higher. Most of the publishers also said they expected to raise the cover price of their magazines during the next five years.

Television was often mentioned at the conference, both pro and con, as ally or enemy; but the survey shows that the publishers regard other magazines rather than TV as their chief competition for the advertising dollar. Only 29 per cent of the American and 15 per cent of the foreign publishers believe television is their toughest advertising competitor, although a majority of Americans think it will compete more vigorously in the next five years.

Looking ahead, the American publishers expressed the belief that business and financial magazines would enjoy the greatest growth within a five-year span, and the foreign publishers agree with them. Geographically, American publishers think the greatest growth areas will be their own country, Western Europe, Africa, and Australia; while the foreign publishers add Asia and Eastern Europe to that list and eliminate the United States.

One thing was clear from this first international conference of publishers. The business of making magazines is increasingly an international industry, in which the Western nations, at least, share many of the same problems and turn out products not too dissimilar. As the conference demonstrated, the countries can learn from each other, and if the turn of international events makes them become more and more political and social catalysts, which seems to be the contemporary trend, they have never been in a better position to play a vital role in world society.

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MARIANNE MOORE, BASEBALL FAN

by JOSEPH DURSO

Marianne Moore, who once played left field for the girls' team in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, is taking up the cudgels again for her favorite corner of the national scene—baseball. It's not just that professional baseball, in its centennial season, is besieged by doubters, prophets of gloom, and affluent football players. It is, rather, that the game has a long-time champion in Miss Moore, and it needs her ardor at this time of trouble the way it needs a Ted Williams in Washington, a Joe DiMaggio in Oakland, and .300 hitters everywhere.

Miss Moore restated her confidence in baseball the other evening, just days before the major leagues' mid-summer All-Star Game. It will be played July 22 in the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium in Washington, and it will include a bit of national history. That is, because of the centennial, every surviving member of the Hall of Fame has been invited to convene in the nation's capital along with the men just elected "the greatest" who ever played the sport.

Miss Moore is an old Brooklyn Dodgers' fan who switched her allegiance to the Yankees when the Dodgers switched their home base to Los Angeles in 1958. She is an eighty-two-year-old beauty with braided white hair and the wit of Casey Stengel, who was born in Kansas City three years after she was born in St. Louis. Like Casey, she has flawless credentials. She has seen it all, from John McGraw to Yogi Berra; she has sculpted Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford in verse and imagery; she once even kept a pet alligator named Elston Howard.

She undoubtedly reached her peak in baseball, though, when she threw out the first ball in Yankee Stadium last year—a ceremonial feat traditionally performed by Presidents of the United States from the time of William Howard Taft (a Cincinnati Reds' fan). She gave the Yankees and baseball a day to remember that afternoon, and since then has been a voice crying in the wilderness for an institution that many persons feel is losing its grip on the public imagination.

The baseball she threw out that April day is now encased in plastic and mounted on a brass pedestal on the white mantel of her living room fireplace. It is a storybook apartment in Greenwich Village on a street of neat trees just west of Fifth Avenue, and it is stocked with enough literary and baseball mementos to present the appearance of a stage setting or perhaps of a cozy, lived-in museum of American life.

The trophy on the mantelpiece got there as a result of some daydreaming on the part of Michael Burke, the president of the Yankees. He was flying to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, one day in February 1968 for spring training, and was thinking that he would like the Yankees to open the season with something new.

Burke is a stylish, imaginative man who was a wartime secret agent, a circus director, and a television impresario; he rather resembles a Madison Avenue Beatle. As the major-domo of the Yankees for the Columbia Broadcasting System in the team's post-empire days, he has presided over the reconstruction era of the Yankees and, as one of the young turk executives, of the major leagues. And on this day in February, he was sitting on an airliner flying south and his wheels were spinning.

"I just got personally bored with political figures on opening day," he remembers. So he decided to ask Marianne Moore to throw out the first ball. He did it, he recalls, because she had long been a kind of heroine in the wings of the game. Moreover, when the Dodgers had left both Brooklyn and Miss Moore in the lurch by migrating west, she had become "a kind of free agent, and so we were free then to try to negotiate her into the Yankee organization—not without stratagems, of course."

Miss Moore had already etched the Yankees in poetry. She confesses that the "precision" positions—first base, pitcher, third base—always intrigued her, to say nothing of the commanding role of the catcher, and once she wrote:

> It's a pitcher's battle all the way—
> a duel—
> a catcher's, as, with cruel
> puma paw, Elston Howard lumbers
> lightly back
> to plate

Once she portrayed the youthful Mickey Mantle in these words:

> Mickey, leaping like the devil—why
> gild it, although deer sound better—
> snares what was speeding towards its
> treetop nest,
> one-handing the souvenir-to-be
> meant to be caught by you or me.

And, as for Whitey Ford:

> like Whitey's three kinds of pitch and
> prediagnosis
> with pick-off psychosis.

Burke dashed off a telegram to Miss Moore, inviting her to throw out the first ball. He was not left waiting long. Flashing to her left like a shortstop starting a double play ("a cruel thing but necessary"), she whipped back a letter that said: "I am impetuous. Can you imagine my delaying a moment upon receiving your telegram before writing you that I shall excitedly appear at Yankee Stadium on April 9, even if I have not the best arm in baseball?"

A couple of weeks later, while the Yankees were still in Florida trying to improve their own arms, she completed her own double play. She startled the office staff by showing up at the side door of Yankee Stadium with her brother, half a dozen years younger than she.

"I wanted to see how far I had to throw it," she later recalled. "I thought I'd have to pitch it from the mound. I was frightened by that. But they showed me the box seats where I was to sit, and gave me a ball and glove to take home."

She took the ball and glove home—"to practice," she said—and still keeps them in her bedroom as a reminder of the day she pitched a right-handed strike to Frank Fernandez, the catcher, who not only caught it but also returned it to her with a gallant kiss on the cheek. He later hit a home run that won the game.

Now the ball sits on the white mantel alongside little statues and pictures of musk ox, porcupines, and other favored

Marianne Moore throwing the first ball—"the game has a champion."

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creatures. Surrounded by a wooden bench, perfectly arrayed chairs face one another in front of the fireplace, not far from a basket full of cut birch logs and hundreds of well-worn books on shelves along the walls. The whole place has a mellow, wind-in-the-willows mood; old-fashioned, bookish, everything with a personal purpose. Snapshots of children tucked into the sides of full-length mirrors, autographed pictures alongside the busy desk and typewriter, in the bedroom a small telephone on the shelf next to the brass bed, letters stored neatly between books, a bottle of cold tablets. Resting serenely and brightly in the little bed, the opening-day pitcher in a pink flannelette nightgown with flowers embroidered along the neckline.

"It's a game of great precision," she said, getting straight to the point. And when she was reminded that cash now ruled the day, making it possible for players to retire and unretire with blurring speed, and for franchises to move not only to California but to Canada, she was not dismayed. But is baseball losing its hold on the public?

"By no means," she replied, almost snapping the answer. "It doesn't seem so warm now, maybe. But, oh yes, I do believe in redemption in baseball. The Yankees will rise again, too. Oh, yes."

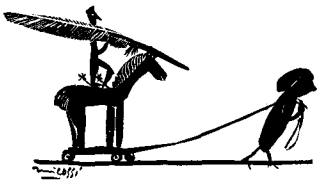
Miss Moore casts few split-votes, and her solid favorites in baseball are Clete Boyer, the third baseman, and Orlando Cepeda, the first baseman, because of their "precision"; Elston Howard and Roy Campanella, because they were strong, lumbering, quarterbacking catchers. She likes monograms on caps because "caps are good things," and modern baseball uniforms because "they are more neat now—like children's sleep suits."

She has Stengel's own talent for capturing people in a word, and, when they met in Shea Stadium a few years ago, the Professor knew he had met his match. He was "wary" as he approached, she remembers, and then he was rendered speechless in her presence—a record not likely to be broken.

"For years I hadn't liked him," she confessed, "but my brother used to scold me and say, 'After all, he's very good with rookies.' "

The mellowing between the two patriarchs of the national pastime came about that afternoon in Shea Stadium. The owner of the Mets, Joan W. Payson, took her to lunch in the Stadium Club with some friends. "We didn't get to eat much," Miss Moore said, a little disappointed, "because Mrs. Payson hurried us outside for the game. We sat near the dugout in her box and they called Casey out. He looked at me kind of cautiously."

She rolled her eyes to the side to indicate a standoff. It was clear that



she and the Professor were overpowered by each other. But she prevailed, and Casey finally reached for a pink pad she had carried to the game and wrote her a note. Since then, she has liked him better. Stengel may have to credit an "assist" to his wife Edna, though. Miss Moore was attracted to the tall, energetic Edna from the start, and, when told that Mrs. Stengel had maintained their home in Glendale, California, as Casey's command post since the day they were married in 1924, she declared firmly: "I like that."

However, she is strict with the other heroes of the game, legends or no legends. Of John McGraw, the master of the New York Giants from 1902 to 1932, she observed: "He was very forbidding."

Of Babe Ruth: "I never particularly liked him. Everything had 'Ruth' all over—candy bars, everything. He was tough."

Of Stengel himself, upon examining an early picture of Casey as a manager: "He was very resolute."

She calls the St. Louis Cardinals, her hometown team, "The Redbirds," and wonders if Bob Gibson "is still going strong." She feels compassion for Gibson and doubts it was his fault that he lost the deciding game of the World Series last year to Detroit. She also was embarrassed that several preseries articles she wrote for *The New York Times* exposed her to the risks of all sports visionaries.

"I had it all wrong," she said. "I thought the Redbirds would win. I was in the hospital but watched the Series on television. It wasn't really Gibson's fault. You know the outfielder fell down."

Miss Moore is not especially vexed that her literary friends do not all share her "thing" for baseball. She did attend a World Series game five years ago with George Plimpton and Robert Lowell (who accompanied them without a ticket, but managed to buy one of the last remaining fifty seats in the bleachers). But W. H. Auden, who wrote "A Mosaic for Marianne Moore" on her eightieth birthday, is understandably not a fan.

"He says it's Greek to him," she reported, as though she had tried—and had failed—to indoctrinate Auden.

"I was a left fielder in high school in Carlisle," she went on, placing her own roots in baseball firmly enough. "The grass was tall out there and the field sloped up, so that helped me. I felt sorry for the catchers, though. I was afraid they would get hit. I didn't want to be one myself. I wasn't really much good, anyway. Tennis was my game."

She conceded, though, that she had been drawn to all sports, except possibly boxing. Still, boxing intrigued her, and she remembered that Floyd Patterson was "shy," and that "he bought his mother a new dress—she hadn't had one in years."

When Miss Moore taught English at the Carlisle Indian School, one of her pupils was James Thorpe, later the hero of the 1912 Olympics. "He was a nice boy," Miss Moore said. "A good, gentle boy. He was so strong that once he offered to carry a buzz saw for me so that we could get some work done. Once I took James to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Yes, a good, gentle boy."

Now, a half-century later, Michael Burke occasionally drops by the little apartment—perhaps on New Year's Eve, toting a potted plant—and inspects his opening-day pitcher and renews his confidence in his beleaguered business of baseball. It is as though he were paying homage at the shrine of the Muse.

"When baseball expanded this year," he recently said, "we all had to protect certain of our own players. We were careful to put on our protected list two names especially: one M. Mantle and one M. Moore. Both to be cherished forever by the Yankees."

Miss Moore's only regret about baseball is that people don't always take her seriously enough. Last month, when 58,096 persons crowded Yankee Stadium to say farewell to Mickey Mantle, she was reluctantly among the absent. When advised that Joe DiMaggio, Elston Howard, and all the old heroes had been there, she looked a trifle glum and said ruefully: "I went to a concert at the church on Fifth Avenue."

She even had one regret about a recent trip to Boston, where Harvard bestowed an honorary Doctor of Letters on her because "finding joy in earth and sky, she 'stirs the soul to be strung.' " While she was discussing her schedule for the week with her secretary on the telephone, Miss Moore kept asking when she might see a ball game on TV over the weekend. And, leaving absolutely no doubt about her spiritual preparation for the pilgrimage to Harvard, she said in a determined voice: "I mean the Boston Red Sox."

During her visit to Cambridge, she was asked if she might sneak over to Fenway Park to see the Red Sox play, but the poet laureate of baseball shook her head a little sadly and observed: "They never think I would want to do that."

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SOCIAL COMMENT AND TV CENSORSHIP

by DAVID DEMPSEY

When the Smothers Brothers gave their farewell show last spring, Tom Smothers told their fans that three-fourths of the program had been censored to some degree by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Ever since the show went on the air in January 1967, the elder of the brothers (Tommy the Militant, as his friends call him) had engaged in a running battle with the network's Department of Program Practices, headed by William H. Tankersley (or Tankersley the Timid, as he is known to many writers and producers in Hollywood). A sketch written and performed by Elaine May dealing with censorship was censored. Ditto Harry Belafonte singing a medley of calypso songs before a newsreel backdrop of the Democratic convention (with scenes of Mayor Daley and the Chicago police). Ditto again when Dr. Benjamin Spock made a guest appearance. Joan Baez could say that her husband had gone to jail, but she wasn't allowed to say why (for refusing draft induction).

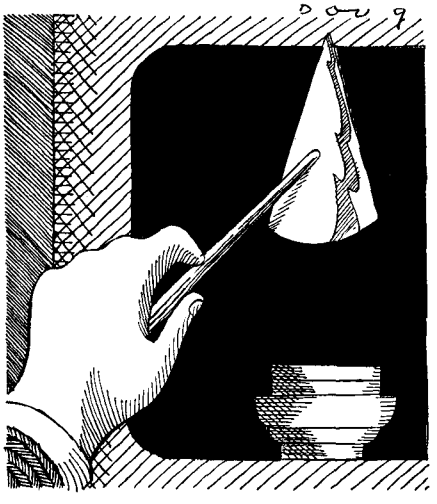
The show had seemingly committed the unpardonable sin of making social comment within an entertainment format. Dan Rowan, of *Laugh-In*, points out that Tom and Dick Smothers used comedy as a platform for doctrine, whereas he uses doctrine as a platform for comedy. The Smothers Brothers work from a youthful, anti-Establishment, often sophomoric point of view. Rowan and Martin tell jokes about the Establishment from a neutral position. ("Let's make peace in Vietnam and not tell Martha Raye" isn't the same as Tom Smothers getting off a crack at the very idea of the war.) Moreover, *Laugh-In*'s humor flies by so fast that half the audience gets the joke but not the message. Watching the Smothers show, viewers got the message—and sometimes a little smut—but frequently wondered what happened to the joke. The brothers' transgressions, moreover, were simply not offset by a high enough rating in competition with NBC's popular *Bonanza* in the same time slot.

For whatever reasons, public sympathy was with the network. Forty-seven per cent of those questioned by Lou Harris pollsters agreed that CBS was right in canceling the show; 19 per cent disagreed. (The remaining 34 per cent had no opinion.) By 55 per cent to 32 per cent, the same group expressed a negative view of the program's contents.

Yet, when the smoke had cleared, millions of Americans had, perhaps for the first time, become aware of the pervasive infrastructure of television's tastemakers; the men, day in and day out, in New York, Washington, Hollywood, and London who decide what shall be shown and what shall not. Thanks to their efforts, viewers are protected from dirty jokes, crooked prize shows, commercials for unworkable toys, racial slurs, nudity, vulgarity, and the three great taboos of television—sin, sex, and sacrilege.

As an entertainment medium with the largest single audience in history (45 million persons at one sitting for some prime-time shows), television is under constant pressure to exercise "good taste," and is at the mercy of its sponsors if it strays into unpopular or controversial territory. For its lapses, it is recurrently threatened with punitive action by Congress. Last winter, Senator John A. Pastore, chairman of the Commerce Committee's Communications Sub-committee, cranked up a new investigation of "sex and violence" in TV programing. As a result, networks have tightened up their standards. CBS announced that it has "achieved a 30 per cent reduction over the preceding season in the number of violent incidents in our prime-time programs." NBC has dropped all of its "action adventure" shows, and ABC is currently planning to do only one next season.

ABC also cut out a bikini contest in its *Wide World of Sports*, officially because of the poor quality of the film—



and who knows, maybe that was the reason. The line between censorship and editorial acceptability in TV, as in other media, is a thin one. In any case, there will be no bikini contest sharing footage with Alpine skiers and log-rolling demonstrations on *Wide World of Sports*.

The new mood of caution comes at a time when American society is groping toward a more permissive, less hypocritical set of moral standards. In the arts, pornography is gaining an accepted place as a bedfellow of rectitude. The sex act is described freely in books, and the theater of nudity flourishes under the protection of the First Amendment. Almost anything goes in the movies; profane—even obscene—language is tolerated as a literary right. Shock has become a catalyst for artistic and social change.

In this disturbing context, millions of Americans find prime-time entertainment a nostalgic sanctuary—perhaps the only one left—where few men swear, everyone is politically neutral, the church is never criticized, men and women do not live together out of wedlock, the happy ending is assured, the criminal brought to trial, and the little disturbances of life are usually resolved in favor of the status quo. Critics of television, including many of its own creative personnel, point out that the fallacy of playing to these "accepted moral standards" is that they are not the true standards of most communities, but rather those which the community wants to think are true. By eliminating the unpleasant, the controversial, and the "immoral," TV helps to sustain a mass illusion that is false to the society which gives the medium its franchise.

Yet, no one expects television to emulate the printed page or the theater in matters of frankness. The question isn't whether there should or should not be censorship, but rather how much and to what end. "It's a rare entertainer," writes Steve Allen, "who will willingly eliminate the funniest parts of his act when working a television show, if instructed only by his own conscience."

The conscience of television, on the working level, is embodied in some eighty-five network representatives who must have a thorough knowledge of the National Association of Broadcasters Code—seventy-three do's and don'ts (mostly don'ts) that comprise

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the parameters of acceptable programing—a high degree of tact, and the ability to delete objectionable material without making their cuts seem too obvious. "We are—to use that harsh and emotive term—censors," Bill Tankersley told a Midwest broadcast group recently. "The inescapable fact is that broadcasters are fully and finally responsible for everything that is broadcast over their facilities, and that responsibility cannot be delegated to anyone."

With this in mind, the censor almost always has the last word in any dispute with a producer. The code itself is a product of the industry's self-regulation, and although adopted in 1952, most of its provisions have gone unchanged over the years. Many of these are common-sense reflections of social decency involving ethnic prejudice, respect for the law, and demeaning references to the handicapped. More inhibiting is what constitutes "anti-social behavior"—illicit sex relations ("not to be treated as commendable") and drunkenness ("should never be presented as desirable or prevalent"). "My job is to move in if a program oversteps the boundaries," declares code-enforcer Stockton Helffrich, a fifty-year-old former NBC staff member who has worked in broadcasting since 1936. During the past year, the NAB screened 455 programs, 7 per cent of which were found questionable in some respect. Not all questionable programs are censored, however. When *The Avengers*, a British import, came under scrutiny because of its mayhem, a psychiatrist called in to review the series reported that the show was so highly stylized, and the means of killing so bizarre, that viewers were not likely to identify with what they saw. For whatever reason, *The Avengers* ground to a natural death this spring.

Although the code authority has tightened up on violence, especially in children's programs, it is moving toward a more liberal stance in the areas of "taste" and "morals." Helffrich's office found no objections to a showing of *Never on Sunday* (illicit sex), although admittedly the film's frankest scene was missing. In any event, the code is not binding, and 35 per cent of all TV stations do not belong to the NAB. The code does, however, constitute the Holy Writ whereby a network censor can effectively snuff out any flame that burns too brightly on the home screen.

At ABC, all programs go through a five-step sanitizing process that begins with a review of the script and proceeds to a consultation with the producer. A rough cut of the tape is then viewed, followed by another screening before a different set of editors. A final screening is held with the commercials in place. (They, too, are subject to being censored.) ABC is the only network that keeps a full-time censor in London, where several of its shows are produced. Partly for technical reasons, and because program standards are more lenient in England, ABC will frequently turn out a separate—and less censored—version for the British market. *This is Tom Jones*, for example, reaches the United States more fully clothed. "For this production," declares Miss Grace Johnsen, the network's Director of Broadcast Standards and Practices, "our man in London pins ruffles on the girls in all the proper places."

Similarly, editors at NBC work with a program from the first outline right up to the finished product. The network's popular *Laugh-In* keeps the censors on the *qui vive*, but aside from some suggestive lines, the show is relatively free to do what it pleases. Gags about the pill, the church, campus unrest, and politics abound, but they are jokes, not serious satire. Even so, NBC's mail on this program runs about two-to-one against. The rating No. 1, however, is what counts.

Of all the networks, CBS has the largest staff of censors (twenty-five in New York and sixteen on the West Coast) and the toughest reputation among writers and producers. Nevertheless, attitudes here, as elsewhere—despite Senator Pastore's admonitions—are being liberalized in many areas. Mild profanity is now permitted in dramatic shows if justified by character and situation; as violence declines on television, language is becoming more "realistic." The undraped female form is also seen (from the rear) as the cutoff point—formerly the bra line—has been lowered to the hip line. Sex is smuggled into TV by all the networks via the movies. However, the bolder these get, the more they are bowdlerized. *The Chapman Report* was so heavily censored that many viewers found it incomprehensible. *The Apartment* lost twenty minutes in its video version. Yet, the fact that they were shown at all marks a step forward.

Humor and satire still remain the touchiest area in entertainment programing; the problem here is not so much the joke as who tells it. Jack Benny once remarked of Bob Hope that although he gets off a lot of political humor, "he doesn't mean it." Benny's own freedom goes uncensored because "I'm not mad at anybody." Tom Smothers, on the other hand, gave the impression of meaning what he said. And unlike Hope, he is not a defender of the status quo in his private life. "Bob . . . is a millionaire Republican who owns the flag in the way that Danny Thomas owns the Cross," Steve Allen has pointed out.

As a "public utility," TV is especially vulnerable to pressure groups. Programs involving physicians, for instance, are usually "cleared" with a committee set up for this purpose by the AMA. Churches, humane societies, ethnic groups, patriotic and veterans' organizations all wield a powerful, if indirect, blue pencil. Even more powerful is the sponsor, whose fear of consumer backlash may lead him to avoid "controversial" programs. In the opinion of Robert Bendick, a former NBC producer, now an independent, this commercial concern is far more restrictive than the code or the networks' own standards. "The knowledge of what is acceptable to a sponsor and what isn't," he says, "is where censorship begins."

Scriptwriter Ernest Kinoy echoes this complaint when he says: "Basic censorship is that which doesn't get bought in the first place." The shrinkage of the big dramatic specials during the past few years has meant a decline in programs dealing with the "live nerve" of society. "Most of them were loss leaders, easily censored and easily dropped," Kinoy remarks. And the popular "talk" shows, as they have become successful, have become less controversial and have been "frightened into being a nice program," Bendick points out, "with a loss of the searching quality that once made them distinctive."

In a major policy statement five years ago, the Federal Communications Commission forswore the power to censor "provocative" programs merely because they might offend some listeners. "Even programs that some find sexually or politically disturbing are not subject to censorship for that reason alone," the commission declared. The code authority specifically encourages controversial programing and urges its members to "broaden the horizons" of the viewer. In this respect, the discrepancy between entertainment TV and the turbulent contemporary world as it is seen on public affairs programs and newscasts is growing wider and more inexplicable as the latter deal increasingly with the

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very issues that prime time avoids.

On this score, the networks are criticized for showing too much: "the coverage is blamed for the event," says Reuven Frank, head of NBC News, pointing out that to be "current, relevant, and involved" invites the partisan factions of our society to make themselves relevant to maximum TV coverage in pursuit of their aims. In many "demonstrations," the crowds are rehearsed well in advance, partly to make sure that the performance is up to television standards.

Much of this has occurred because entertainment TV, directed at the middle aged and the middle class, has locked out the young, the minorities, and the discontented. This is implicit censorship on a broad, built-in scale. The industry's value to the "have nots" in America is primarily to show them what they can't have. Noting that television heroes and stars, "are the physically attractive, glib, and wealthy," FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson contends that the "ideas and life-styles endorsed and purveyed by American television are truly 'popular' only with those Americans fortunate enough to be native-born-white-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant-suburban-dwelling-middle-class-and-over-thirty."

If this is true, TV's responsibility for civil disorder is probably greater than it is willing to admit, for the dissenters can get a hearing only by making themselves "newsworthy" in a way never before possible without the immediate and vast audience provided them—free of charge— by the picture tube. More than in most communications media, good news is no news on television; the militants make sure that the news is bad.

But the prime time goes on being good, censored, and largely irrelevant. It reflects not so much society as the image of society that TV has been instrumental in creating. The entertainer who challenges this image is in trouble; Mark Twain would have had a rough time on the networks, although Hal Holbrook's re-creation of Twain is acceptable because the satire is aimed at another era.

Many writers and producers aren't concerned with the trivia of censorship —language, blue humor, sex taboos— but the idea content of their shows. A new generation has grown up on both sides of the TV screen that is no longer satisfied with Las Vegas gags. Challenging the complacency of the medium, they have been victims of a censorship never envisioned by the code or the FCC. What they ask for is a chance to compete, to let the public decide what it likes. "The ultimate censorship," says Tommy Smothers, "is the flick of the dial."

THE CASE OF THE RED LION

by ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

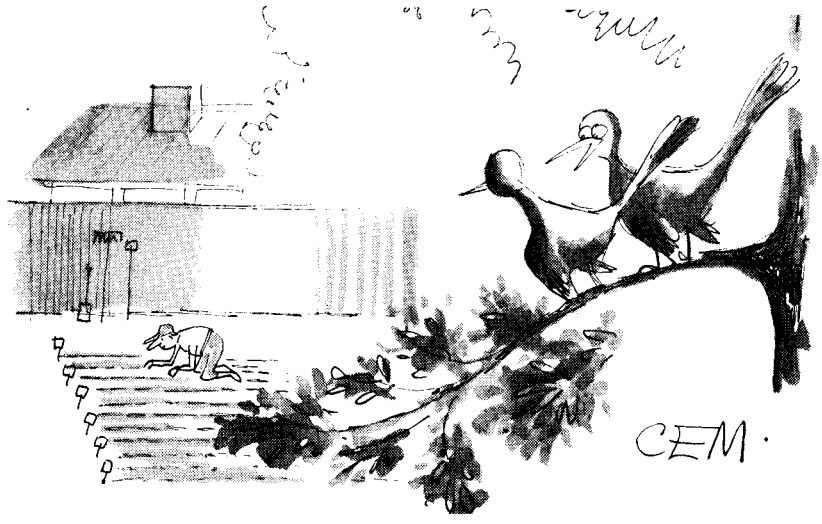
The United States Supreme Court's decision on *Red Lion Broadcasting Company vs. FCC* has handed down one of the most important opinions of the century by telling the public what broadcasting is really about in this country. Broadcasting, according to the land's highest court, is not a message system serving the right of viewers and listeners to receive entertainment and information. Further, it is not an industry serving the right of entrepreneurs to cultivate, package, and sell audiences to sponsors for a profit. What broadcasting is, fundamentally, is the most powerful tool in our democratic society whereby the electorate may make informed choices involving its destiny—through the presentation and consideration of vital, controversial public issues.

Controversy is the heart of the First Amendment, said the justices in a unanimous (7-0) holding; Justice Byron White delivered the opinion of the Court. The Constitution's guarantee against congressional abridgment of speech or press does not essentially protect your right to say what you please without interference from the Government. It does not essentially protect your right to hear what I have to say or vice versa. The message that passes between us—to qualify for First Amendment protection in the broadcast area—must illuminate matters of great public concern.

"It is the purpose of the First Amendment," the Courts said, "to preserve an uninhibited market place of ideas in which truth will ultimately prevail, rather than to countenance monopolization of that market, whether it be by the Government itself or a private licensee."

The Court also stated, "Speech concerning public affairs is more than self-expression; it is the essence of self-government. . . . It is the right of the public to receive suitable access to social, political, esthetic, moral, and other ideas and experiences which is crucial here. That right may not constitutionally be abridged either by Congress or by the FCC." In adding the words "social," "esthetic," and "moral," to the conventional "political," and in further adding the phrase "other ideas and experiences," the Court ventured far beyond hitherto limited interpretations of what constitutes "controversy." It is conceivable that, under these dicta, a viewer could assert constitutional support for his complaint against a network for canceling *The Smothers Brothers* television program. The broadcaster, under this ruling, has the duty, in exchange for his franchise, to seek out matters of public concern, to find and present citizens with clashing views on the subject, and to see that the debates are presented vigorously and fairly.

If, during the course of a controversy, a person is verbally attacked on the air, or if a station broadcasts an editorial against a political candidate, it is not unreasonable, the Court said, for the FCC to require that the victim or the candidate be permitted to personally make response, rather than allowing only a proxy or the broadcaster



"Not yet. Always let them finish out the row."

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himself to handle the reply. The FCC has statutory and constitutional authority for promulgating specific rules, Justice White wrote, to implement the Fairness Doctrine which serves the ends and purposes of the First Amendment. As for the licensee, he may be required "to share his frequency with others and to conduct himself as a proxy or fiduciary with obligations to present those views and voices which are representative of his community and which would otherwise, by necessity, be barred from the airwaves." The licensee must do this at his own initiative and "at the broadcaster's own expense if sponsorship is unavailable." His franchise, which is a temporary privilege, may be taken from him when he applies for renewal every three years, if he fails thus to serve the public interest.

The Court brushed aside arguments by broadcasters that radio and television frequencies are no longer scarce and that, therefore, continued regulatory control is unnecessary. It rejected also the assertion by the broadcasters that the Fairness Doctrine and Personal Attack rules, at issue in the *Red Lion* case, would inhibit rather than encourage controversy on the air. The threat is speculative, the Court replied; it will be dealt with should it arise. Observers have been holding their breath for months while the Supreme Court deliberated. Had it ruled against the FCC's Fairness Doctrine in *Red Lion*, the results would have been momentous. Licensees, under a narrower interpretation of the First Amendment as applied to broadcasting, might have had unconditional control over the manner in which public issues were presented on their stations —if they elected to present any such issues at all. Section 315 of the Communications Act—the equal time requirement during political campaigns —could easily have gone down next, for a licensee could argue that, if it is unconstitutional to require him to present both sides of a controversy, it is equally unconstitutional to require him to present opposing candidates during an election.

Elections are inextricably tied to the presentation of issues between elections. The Fairness Doctrine, between campaigns, determines the context from which candidates and issues emerge. The Fairness Doctrine and equal time are either equally valid or monolithically vulnerable. If both had fallen, the whole principle of regulation of the airwaves in the public interest would have lost its meaning.

Broadcasters generally were aggrieved and surprised by the sweeping nature of the *Red Lion* decision. They had pressed the assault on the Fairness Doctrine with deliberate power and at great expense in legal fees. The Warren Court, they reasoned, had broadened First Amendment protection recently in press and films. The *Red Lion* case—an action arising out of a refusal by a Pennsylvania radio station to give reply time to Fred J. Cook, a reporter who had been attacked on its air—was considered by the industry as not the best case upon which to make a Supreme Court test of the Fairness Doctrine's constitutionality.

The organized broadcasters, through the Radio Television News Directors Association, therefore, brought an independent action generally attacking the doctrine, which was joined to the *Red Lion* case by the Supreme Court. The broadcasters, anticipating a victory over regulatory powers that they have sought for forty years, have been stunned by what they consider the Court's "overskill." Not only was the opinion unanimous, it was delivered by Justice White, who is labeled a conservative. It was as if the Supreme Court had decided once and for all to put the debate over the FCC's regulatory powers unequivocally at rest. Supporters of government control over broadcasters have been rejoicing in the Court's decision and in its breadth.

It is well understood, nevertheless, that implementation of the Court's decision depends on the majority of the FCC. As Robert M. Lowe showed in his exhaustive Senate subcommittee report on the Fairness Doctrine, almost 27 per cent of 3,000 stations replying to a questionnaire said that they never broadcast any programs dealing with controversial issues of public importance, while just under 70 per cent said that they "sometimes" carry such programs.

Yet, the FCC majority has continued imperturbably to renew the licenses of all stations thus reporting. Networks have generally been careful about possibly violating the Fairness Doctrine; they are constrained by commercial necessity to appeal favorably to all.

Operators of larger stations may be a bit more cautious in the wake of the Supreme Court's *Red Lion* decision. Some may feel irritated at having to grant time more widely than before, but the price is cheap for protecting a multimillion-dollar property in a top market. The *Red Lion* opinion is most significant for small, local stations that are owned by strong-minded men, often of a conservative political persuasion. In such cases, the Court's ruling provides a fulcrum upon which community forces may exert influence to secure a larger voice for the public in broadcasting. Two strategies are available, but at the moment Congress is acting to blunt both of them.

The first tactic involves competing applications for broadcast licenses, filed at renewal time by well-financed commercial groups who assert that they can make money operating the station but serve the public better than the incumbent. The Pastore bill in the Senate, and identical versions in the House would prohibit the FCC from considering such "strike applications."

The second method comprises actions by citizen groups that petition the FCC to deny renewals of stations for allegedly not operating in the public interest. A tentative decision on tax-reform reached by the House Ways and Means Committee would forbid private foundations from granting funds to such groups which seek "to influence the decision of any governmental body." Since citizen groups depend on foundations for the funds required to plan and carry out monitoring studies and legal actions before the commission and the courts, the tax-reform measure, if passed, would effectively cut the ground from under citizen-groups that wish to scrutinize the behavior, in their communities, of station licensees. Ironically, broadcasters maintain very expensive lobbies in Washington to influence government agencies, and are permitted by law to deduct the cost in tax returns.

As a possible consequence of the *Red Lion* case, a group representing the public interest by this time may have already petitioned the FCC to institute a rule that would require all stations to maintain, for public inspection and use, audio logs and tapes of all broadcasted controversial program material, as well as records of network programs not cleared by local stations. At present, groups challenging licensees at renewal time find it difficult to build cases that support charges of inadequacies in station performance because vital records and tape exhibits either have never been kept or have been withheld or destroyed.

The *Red Lion* case is a historic assertion of the public's stake in the effective use of the broadcast media for the ends of self-government. But the Court can only pronounce; it cannot legislate or implement. The power to make *Red Lion* practical rests with the public. The Congress—elected representatives of the people — seems dedicated to the proposition that the people shall remain unorganized, unfinanced, and powerless to secure the use of the airwaves in the public interest. One wonders if any message system can be devised that will get through to the politicians.

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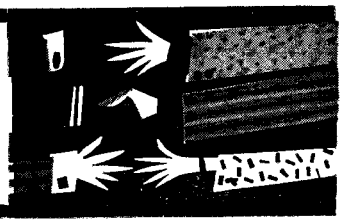
Public Relations



Reforming PRSA

In September, the board of directors of the Public Relations Society of America will meet in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to struggle with an issue that is sharply dividing the professional organization. Confronting the directors will be the report of a special committee set up by the society to study its leadership structure.

For some two years now this special committee has been examining the society's overall operations in an attempt to meet members' needs more effectively. One of the more pressing reasons behind this examination has been the society's mushrooming membership over the past decade. In 1959, there were thirty-seven chapters representing 3,065 members. Five years later, the figures had jumped to fifty-five chapters with 4,539 members. Today, there are sixty-five chapters and a total of 6,458 members.

During these past ten years, the work of the society has increased, as would be expected, with its membership. Yet, criticism has increased with the growth of the society, for there are many public relations professionals who are anxious to see the organization develop more useful programs for its members and, at the same time, be more attractive to those who have high professional competence but who find little, outside of the annual meetings, of much value to them. Even the annual meetings are attended by relatively few members; the 1968 meeting held last fall in Chicago was attended by only 1,531.

The heart of the current controversy is whether the present volunteer president of the society should be replaced by a paid, full-time president. It may seem a trivial matter, yet many of the country's other outstanding trade associations have gone through the very same arguments that are now being made by members of the PRSA.

At the spring meeting of the PRSA Assembly held in Hot Springs, Arkansas, George Hammond, president of the society—and chairman and chief executive of Carl Byoir & Associates, one of the largest of the country's agencies—reported that it was "the consensus of the board and the special committee that for the time being a paid president is not a feasible solution to the development of a strong continuing leadership."

The struggle that went on behind the scenes before this report was made is still reverberating through the society and will probably continue for some time. For it is not simply whether the head of the society be paid but whether in the future, with the work load so burdensome and likely to increase, good men in the public relations business will be able to handle the leadership of the society. For it will become so time-consuming that only a few men would be able to give the post the months it demands. And those few may not be the best.

To get some idea of the demands of the job, it is worth looking at the time devoted to PRSA's work by the present volunteer president. Since January, Mr. Hammond has traveled 29,850 miles on PRSA business. Travel away from Hammond's home base in New York City has consumed thirty-seven working days so far. This is exclusive of the time he has had to give in New York to society business. No one has reckoned time charges on this, but they would be considerable if Hammond's man-hours were calculated at the same amount per diem that he would charge clients, since he is highly valued for his professional advice. And considering that before the end of his one-year term, Hammond will probably have spent an equal amount of time on society business as he has in the first six months, one begins to see the dimensions of the problem.

How many vice presidents of major corporations who have public relations responsibility can spend four months or more a year away from their shops? How many managements will think the presidency of PRSA is worth so much time away from the job?

In Hammond's case, since he is the chief executive of his agency, he is in a position to so arrange his schedule and provide the back-up strength in his office to enable him to give this service to PRSA. Certainly not many public relations directors of corporations can be absent from their desks as long as Hammond has been this year. It could be dangerous for them to do so; management might well say: if we can do without our public rela-

"How could you go off without telling me how to work the adding machine?"

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tions director for four months, then perhaps we can do without him permanently.

Times are too volatile, the problems of business too numerous to allow the No. 1 man in public relations in a major corporation to neglect his obligation to his employer. It would be the hardy executive who would be prepared to say that it is the corporation's obligation to give its top public relations man a third of a year to PRSA work at the stockholders' expense.

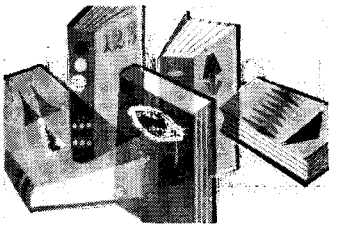
In the past decade only two public relations directors of major corporations have been presidents of PRSA—none has been since 1964. What chance is there then that corporations involved as they are in public problems now will allow their chief public relations officers leave? It is no reflection on those who head agencies or university public relations departments or who are the chief public relations officials of trade associations to say that a great deal of the best practice is being carried on in major corporations. If these are to be excluded from the presidency of PRSA, then the profession or business is not being representatively led over the long term.

The solution that many trade associations have found, and, in fact, have been successful only after they adopted this method, is to have a paid, full-time president. Then a chairman can be elected annually as a volunteer to bring fresh ideas and leadership. In this way, effective long-term direction is provided, and, at the same time, the membership's professional practitioners can serve in the less burdensome post of chairman so that a bureaucracy does not dominate.

It must be noted that much of the opposition within the society to a full-time, paid president stems in some measure from lack of agreement as to the proper man for such a job. It is not easy to find the man for all seasons who can satisfy the diverse forces within PRSA. But somewhere, someplace, there must be a highly competent executive who is also a first-rate public relations man to head the one organization that speaks for public relations men throughout the country. One suggestion offered to help in the search is to take one of the vigorous elder statesmen of corporate public relations, give him a two-year contract as a paid president, and direct him to find a permanent successor.

Meanwhile, it looks as though in the near future PRSA will go muddling along as it has been, for that is easier than making sharp changes. But there is little doubt that not too many years will pass before PRSA will have its full-time, paid president and its elected, volunteer chairman. —L.L.L. GOLDEN.

Books in Communications



The Sissenwein Deal

Jerome Weidman has been more than a passive observer of the publishing business during the thirty years in which he has published twenty-five books. In his newest novel, *The Center of the Action* (Random House, $5.95), he has set down his view of the single greatest change that has come over the industry in that time. But don't expect any ponderous statistical treatise from Weidman. Words like conglomerate, computerization, and facsimile don't come into it at all. And don't count on sentimentality. Weidman is a realist and too "New York" to soften the impact as his characters hit city pavement.

One way or another it is the moneymen who have taken over, and the first person singular in Weidman's novel is, fittingly, an accountant—briefly. Ted Leff is an accountant to whom cost sheets, office managers, publishing partners, and wives are merely instruments and means to sudden promotion and expanded influence. His first service to the promising but static publishing firm of Mattlin & Merritt is legitimate and helpful, his second is self-serving and opportunistic, and his third is absolutely soul-destroying. That's the Sissenwein deal.

Between the first and the third, Leff has climbed unscratched out of a garment district bankruptcy to within reach of seizing control of a communications empire in which, due to him, Mattlin & Merritt has become a small captive component. In step one, Ted Leff transforms a jigsaw puzzle manufacturing firm into a book publishing house by conceiving of the "Twentieth Century Classic Series"—a plan to publish dead authors and save royalties. In step three he induces the two partners (augmented by himself through a fortuitous marriage) to sell out to Hubert Sissenwein, the mysterious financier whose chief motive for buying Mattlin & Merritt is to avenge himself for an ancient slight.

Weidman traces the most impersonal seeming corporate decisions back to the very human factors that influence all such decisions. No writer has a greater awareness of how the slightest ethnic differences can affect financial calculations. "Mattlin is one kind of Jewish boy. German," Leff is told by Maud Eitner, Weidman's marvelously homely-handsome secretary who alone is smart enough to keep up with Leff. "Merritt is another kind of Jewish boy. Yours." Mattlin was brought up in an East 38th Street town house among family portraits. He went to Yale. Leff came from East Fourth Street, Merritt from Avenue B. Their mothers live on Vyse Avenue in the Bronx. Weidman can box the compass of New York ethnically. "One thing can be said for being born in a tenement. You get handed at birth a yardstick about real estate."

As a social commentator of the New York scene, Weidman is unbeatable, and no writer finely sieves telling sociological data better. Byram Noonan is a 120 Broadway corporate lawyer who deceptively played tackle at Yale. "What I like about you, Byram," says Ted Leff, "is you look gentile-stupid but you think Jewish-smart." Weidman is master of the unspoken interpolated one-liner:

> "What is my problem?" Ralph Mattlin said.
>
> Me. But he didn't know that yet.
>
> "I know how Hubert Sissenwein feels," Ralph Mattlin said. "I'm trying to tell you how Gene Merritt feels. He feels sick. He wants his child back."
>
> Why didn't he call the Missing Persons Bureau?
>
> "You mean Mattlin & Merritt, Inc.?" I said.

Setting forth his thesis, Weidman, the brilliant craftsman, sacrifices none of the rich side-of-the-mouth New York dialogue that is a hallmark of his work, nor the fine flow of action, nor the sly machinations of the characters who define themselves so accurately in speech you can touch them. Through the byplay the author holds his sights steady on the corrupting influence of opportunism, on what happens to individuals when they lose their spiritual stake in a corporate takeover. The Sissenwein deal in its way flattens the lives of all Weidman's people. He writes of it:

> When money gets concentrated in doses as large as that, it ceases to be money. It becomes a force of nature. Like armies and navies. You don't know how a government is going to

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use them. All you know is they've got them. You can feel the power. You know what they can do to you with that power if you let yourself into their orbit.

Saturday's Editorial Page: The upper right-hand corner of the editorial page of *The New York Times* on Saturdays always carries an occasional essay by a well-known writer on a topic that may or may not have anything to do with the news of the day. This space is edited by Herbert Mitgang—the author and member of the editorial board of the paper—and readers have learned not to overlook it. The column is the lineal descendant of the TOPICS OF THE TIMES feature that used to run daily, and anonymously, down the center of the editorial page—an uninterrupted feature since 1896. *America at Random*, edited by Herbert Mitgang (Coward McCann, $6.95), is a collection of recent columns and some old ones. Side by side, without the separation of the seven-day week, they make even better reading than ever.

Taken together, the columns have an uncanny way of getting at what lies just below the surface of the mind and bringing it up for inspection in easy, informal prose. For example E. B. White's essay on those robot-written numbers in magnetic ink at the bottom of one's personal checks; John A. Morsell's questioning of the distinction between saying black, Negro, and Afro-American; Brooks Atkinson on why Thoreau speaks to the modern conscience; Fred M. Hechinger suggesting a fleet psychiatrist for New York cabbies; Marya Mannes on why long hair looks good.

In sum, the essays make for about as good a collection of short, occasional essays as one could find.

Also Noted: Frank J. Kahn, in a valuable work, has assembled the basic reference material relating to the regulation and development of radio and television in *Documents of American Broadcasting* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.50) with a historical section, one on freedom of expression, another on regulation of competition, and a concluding section on educational broadcasting—each with a careful bibliography of related material. . . . Just how much the American audience misses in literate discussion by being out of range of the BBC is apparent in *Good Talk*, an anthology from BBC Radio edited by Derwent May (Taplinger, $5.95). How remarkably effective radio can be even in recalling the moments of a man's life is evident in the memorial reminiscences of Evelyn Waugh by a group of his friends.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

Letters

Continued from page 48

nessing a couple engaged in sexual intercourse, defecation, or even watching a solitary person eating. These things are repellent."

I, for one, am certainly glad that someone has at last had the courage to speak out in public about this, for the evil has reached into the privacy of our home. Recently a letter arrived addressed to my young son from a post office box in Los Angeles. Suspicious, I opened it and it proved to contain photographs (rather badly lit and focused—apparently taken in someone's garage) of a masked person *eating all by himself*. I was of course repelled and disgusted, especially as I was not myself hungry at the time.

I am not a prude; indeed, I consider myself rather open-minded. But our children have not yet reached the age at which they can understand that eating is a beautiful gift from God that not only is pleasurable but serves the vital function of keeping us alive; moreover, I feel that what people do in the privacy of their homes (men eating with men, women with women, and the like, which I understand is prevalent in our society) is their business so long as it harms no one else. But I certainly would not sit down to dinner before my children without thorough preparation. And if the parents do not prepare the children, their minds are ripe targets for the smut peddlers. I suggest, as a start, that we pass laws forbidding children—unless accompanied by their parents—to enter restaurants, especially those which, as is well known, cater to persons who eat by themselves. Otherwise we are undoubtedly in for a rash of Swedish films such as the notorious (but so far prohibited in this country) "I Am Curious (Hungry)" and pseudo-novels such as "Portnoy's Digestion."

NORMAN HARTWEG,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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THE INESCAPABLE FACT about the Tuscon newspapers situation ["S. 1312 and All That," May 10], which the Supreme Court managed to escape, is how a market of half a million persons (we're stretching it) will support two daily newspapers. It will not. The Court has killed a U.S. newspaper—just as surely as unions and large retail advertisers (who in competitive situations have been known to get space for less than the cost of the raw newsprint) have killed others.

MARTIN BURKE,
St. Louis, Mo.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 46: lambed, ambled, bedlam, blamed, beldam.

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(Continued on page 62)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 61)

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LIBRARIAN for private elementary school midtown Manhattan. Knowledge audio-visual equipment desirable. Salary open. Box P-527.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

A 4 APARTMENT HOUSE on Deer Isle, Maine. Fully equipped with good water and heat and presently all rented. Beautiful view over Penobscot Bay to Camden Hills. Good for retired couple to live and care for upkeep with rent coming in. SR Box P-545.

DUBLIN, N.H.—Charming house, European flavor, 2 bedrooms, studio and workshop, outbuildings. 3 acres. SR Box P-534.

For Rent—Furnished

SPANISH VILLAS by the Sea on Costa del Sol. Includes: Car and cook/maid. 2 week minimum rentals. For details: At Home Abroad, 136 East 57th Street, NYC. 212-HA 1-9165.

WINDWARD, CARRIACOU, GRENADINES—18th century houses, spectacular island view. 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, Land Rover, boats, maid. SR Box N-435.

MALTA—Charming 4 bedroom, 2½ bath, modern house in quiet village. Available October-March. Serviced. $100 weekly. 212-282-9207. SR Box P-80.

HAWAII—Oceanfront beautiful Windward Oahu. $400 monthly, $125 weekly. SR Box P-514.

SAN FRANCISCO—Trees, views. 11 spacious rooms, Steinway "B", $850 month, 1 year, available August. 415-564-2148.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

COSTA DEL SOL, SPAIN—Attractive 2 / 3 bedroomed villas still available near Estepona, Costa del Sol, Spain. Well furnished, right on beach, all facilities. SR Box P-44.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT AREA—Secluded house surrounded by mountains, fields, streams. $225 monthly. SR Box P-537.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

SWAP HOUSE Thessaloniki, Greece, for dwelling near New York. September 1969-June. Educator. 212-TE 8-3335.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS—Deluxe apartment, pool, patio, ocean view. $100 weekly double, until December 15th, then $150. SR Box P-557.

ACAPULCO—1 and 2 bedroom apartments. Private beach and pier. Hotel service. SR Box N-175.

For Summer Rental

MAINE-SEARSPORT—Comfortable 3 rooms, bath. Sixty dollars weekly. Adults. SR Box P-528.

WASHINGTON D.C. AREA—Large 1 bedroom furnished apartment. August-September, $200 month. References. SR Box P-550.

APARTMENT WANTED

To Rent—Unfurnished

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel. 207-778-2852.

SOUTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE—All types. Aneta Petersen, Broker, Townshend, Vermont. 802-365-7332.

BARN, PENNSYLVANIA, over 100 years. Good condition. Movable. Box P-559.

LAND FOR SALE: Northern Vermont beauty available without billboards. Brooks, Views, Skiing, Lake Frontage, Timberland, Farms, Summer or year round residences. Free Brochure. Write Box N-614.

COASTAL PROPERTY on Maine's incredibly beautiful seacoast. From under $2,000. Free brochure with complete aerial and ground photographs in full color. Englishmans Bay Company, Box 1017, Ellsworth, Maine. 207-667-5900.

DESERT, secluded, major highway, 30 acres, well, buildings, trailer. Timbuktu, Salome, Arizona 85348.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-2433.

COUNTRY FARMS, Streams, and Lakes. 40 acres. 15 year old home. $28,000. 7 year old hidden paradise. 3 acres. $25,900. 200 year old big farmhouse. Barn. 160 acres. $55,000. 200 acres. No buildings. $22,500. 233 acres. No buildings. $28,500. 60 acres. No buildings. $8,500. Twenty minute drive from Northampton. James A. Mutter, Realtor. 351 Pleasant Street, Northampton, Massachusetts. 413-584-3382, 527-4493.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in a gracious suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provides meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Friends Fellowship Community, 2031 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

VACATIONS

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

BERMUDA CALLING! Charming seaside cottages fully equipped, 2 to 4 bedrooms, from $125 per week. Rates and listings on request. L. P. Gutteridge Ltd. Bermuda specialists in vacation homes.

POCONOS—Scenery, serenity, serendipity. Modern housekeeping cottages, pool, family fun. Week, month. Rondan, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania. 212-ES 7-0737.

SHADOWOOD INN—Informal setting, walking distance to Tanglewood. Superb Continental cuisine, friendly atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Reserve now. The Rosenbergs, 15 Hawthorn Street, Lenox, Massachusetts. Tel. 413-637-0014 or 413-637-9737.

COVERED BRIDGE SWIMMING HOLE, Battenkill River fishing, tennis. Real country holiday. Reservations: Mrs. Walter Finney, Grandmother's House, Arlington, Vermont 05259.

SCENIC GRANDEUR. Two 18-hole golf courses. Central touring location. Proven pollen free. Write for folder, Dept. 15, Chamber of Commerce, Bethlehem, N.H. 03574.

COMFORTS OF HOME in Vermont woods. New four bedroom mountain retreat, luxuriously equipped. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. $150 week, $500 month. Box P-513.

BERMUDA—Secluded city accommodations. Inland Guest House, Box 421, Hamilton, Bermuda.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

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VACATIONS

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. *Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies.* Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. Late May through October. Brochure.

THE INN at Mt. Sunapee—Small country lodge on beautifully landscaped estate. Spectacular views, all sports, gourmet food, lounge. DEXTER'S, Sunapee 2, N.H. 02782.

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquility. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

VERMONT . . . The Beckoning Country—Beauty, history, covered bridges, museums, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, hiking, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate inn well-maintained. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lifts, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Tel. 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, A Vermont Resort, Box 205, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

13 LUCKY PEOPLE—Thirteen Acres. Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theatre, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $80 weekly American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R. Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

1778 SWIFTWATER INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; country dining; heated pool; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. *Beautiful, safe, tropical* beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? *Rent by month a* 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

VACATIONS

SUMMER AT RAINBOW LODGE is. Books, brooks and birds. Meadows, woods and mountains. Cool rooms, private baths. Filtered pool. Modified American Plan. 914-688-7761. Mt. Tremper, N.Y. 12457.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO, romantic, historic ghost gold mining camp. Imperial Hotel features oldest and best gay 90's melodrama theatre, gourmet foods, elegant rooms, also camper trailer accommodations.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS. Vermont's Unique Resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, mile-long private shore, large heated pool, riding, sailing, water skiing, tennis. Complete programs, separate dining each age group—teens to toddlers. Color Brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 26, Vermont 05460.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

PUERTO RICO—Condominium Caney. 2 bedroom garden apartments at fabulous Luquillo Beach vacationland. PR 809-765-6679, SR Box P-516.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

APPALACHIAN WRITERS WORKSHOP July 20th-26th, Pippa Passes, Kentucky. Sponsored by Alice Lloyd College in the Appalachian Mountains. Workshops and manuscript criticism in fiction and nonfiction writing and poetry. Write: Albert Stewart, Director, Box 132, Pippa Passes, Kentucky 41844.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $135 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who *prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New* York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZDX Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

TRAVEL

"GREEN HELL TOUR"—AMAZON. 15th successful year. Amazing 18 day 2,500 mile tour of the Amazon Jungle in "armchair" comfort. $998, all inclusive N.Y./N.Y. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS, 1969: We investigate the natural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer, LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, *Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexi*co, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and exceptional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

LUNA DI MIELE SOLAMENTE Per Gli Innamorati—If I were a Bride . . . I would entreat my groom to transport me to the Hither Hills . . . to be embraced by the magic of Montauk . . . to enjoy the beginning of an eternal love affair in the golden amber glow of Moonrise . . . to listen to the heartbeat of the pounding surf . . . a heartbeat that has lured lovers for eons of time. For a special honeymoon package rate, call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," in the Village of Montauk, Town of East Hampton, County of Suffolk, Long Island, State of New York, United States of America, Planet Earth 11954. 212-895-6400. Open All Year.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE GUYANA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*Guy-ANN-a.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1210, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $120 month ($30 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer and fall. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

SAVE MONEY IN LONDON. "London Discovery 1969" introduces outstanding places where Londoners themselves eat, shop, have fun—features money-saving discount certificates at each. Send for free brochure. Dept. SR-11, Box 2028, Detroit, Michigan 48231.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Premieres July 25th with full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar sand beach. Contact Utell International, Essex House, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

MOVING ABROAD? ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL may be the answer for your 7th or 8th grade child. Informal, noncompetitive. Work program. Mountain setting. 24 boys and girls. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville 5, N.C. 28714.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SAIL THE MEDITERRANEAN aboard 90' Barquentine. *4 months cruise departing September 1st, 1969. The* Pride, P.O. Box 22069, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISES—"Barefoot." Adventurous. Little, secluded, tropical islands. 11 days, $240. Windjammer, Dept. 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1840

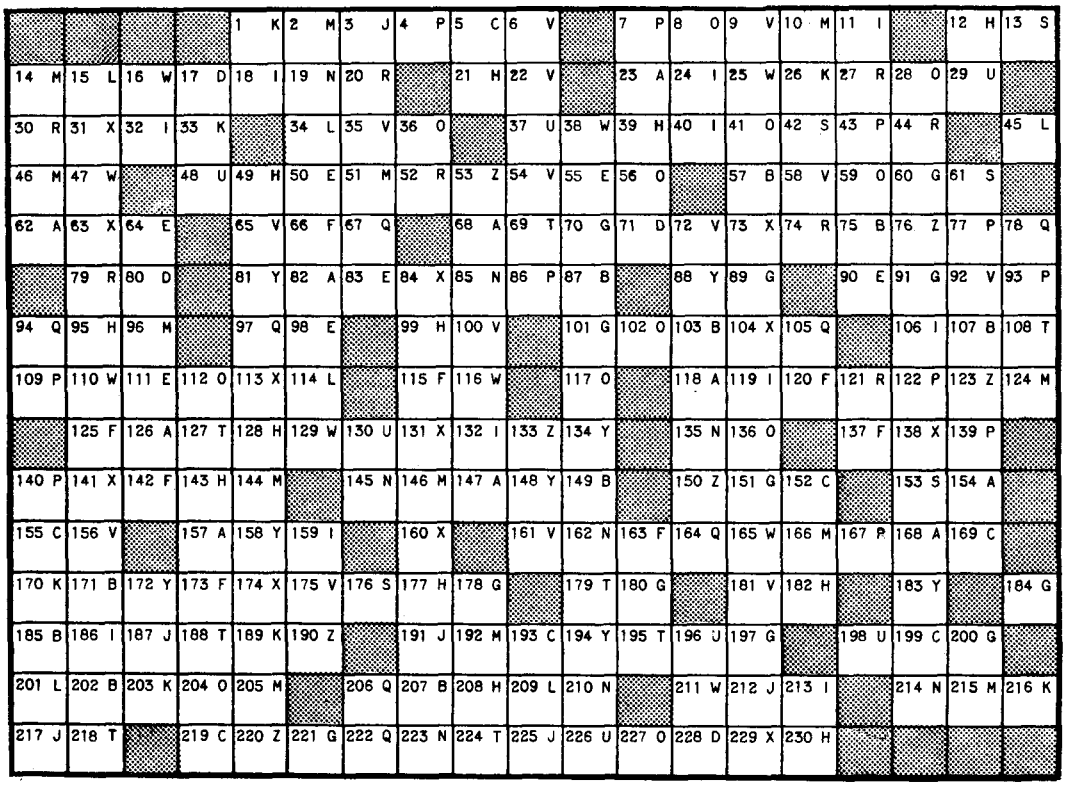
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *In Roman and civil law:* a woman's property that remains free from the control of her husband.	23 62 68 82 118 126 154 147 157 168
B. Harsh and ruthless.	171 185 202 207 57 75 87 103 107 149
C. German-born American theologian ("The Courage to Be," etc.)	152 155 169 193 199 219 5
D. Great former middleweight champion.	228 17 71 80
E. What hepcats used to dig (2 wds.)	83 90 98 50 111 55 64
F. Legislation (1887) providing federal aid for scientific agricultural study (2 wds.)	66 115 120 125 137 142 163 173
G. National monument in NE Iowa (2 wds.)	180 70 89 91 197 221 60 101 151 178 184 200
H. Book burners, for instance.	12 21 49 95 99 128 39 143 177 182 208 230
I. Empty-headed.	11 24 32 40 132 186 18 119 159 213 106
J. One of the things Polonius agreed that the cloud was like (2 wds., "Hamlet").	187 191 212 217 225 3
K. Worthless, in today's slang.	26 33 1 170 189 203 216
L. American author (1764-1846), one of the Connecticut Wits.	114 201 209 15 34 45
M. "To proclaim the acceptable ——" (4 wds., Isaiah, 61:2).	2 10 192 215 14 96 124 46 51 144 146 166 205
N. Restrain, check.	145 162 223 19 85 135 210 214
O. Unbearable.	227 8 36 41 102 136 28 59 117 112 204 56
P. Needs.	77 86 109 122 139 140 167 4 7 43 93
Q. Expresses eagerness.	94 105 164 97 206 222 67 78
R. "—— now doth, like a garment, wear/The beauty of the morning." (2 wds.; Wordsworth, "Westminster Bridge").	27 79 30 44 52 121 74 20
S. Holy Hindu sage, saint, or inspired poet.	42 13 61 153 176
T. Having a subdued but often tantalizing sparkle.	224 108 179 195 188 218 69 127
U. Marine mammal; food fish.	29 48 226 37 198 130 196
V. Monet and Pissarro, for instance.	54 92 161 175 72 6 22 35 58 9 181 156 65 100
W. Tools used for removing flats (2 wds.)	211 25 110 47 38 16 165 129 116
X. Popular fountain specialty (3 wds.)	138 73 104 131 63 113 160 141 84 174 31 229
Y. They are often muffled in tales of smuggling.	88 183 134 148 158 81 194 172
Z. Saint who founded a religious order of Premonstratensians near Laon in 1119.	123 76 220 150 133 190 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to Tokyo

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 3, 1970, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 3rd issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Erich Hartmann—Photographer and visual design consultant for major corporations.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1969

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1968, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1969, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1970. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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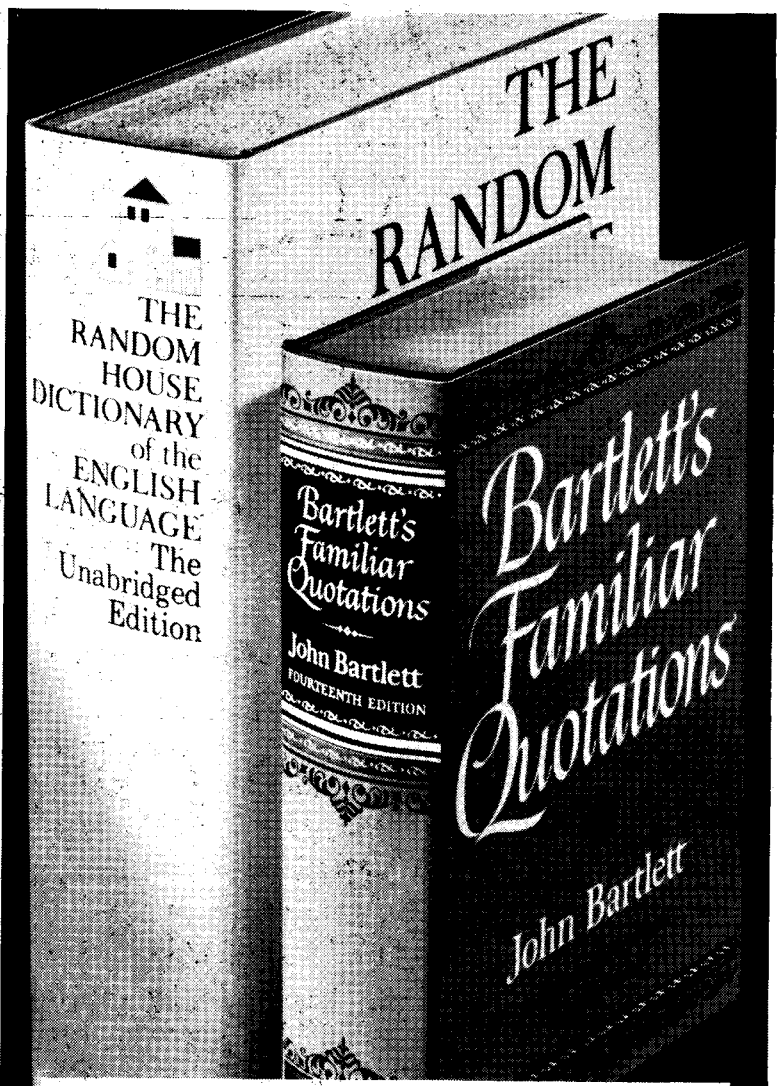

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